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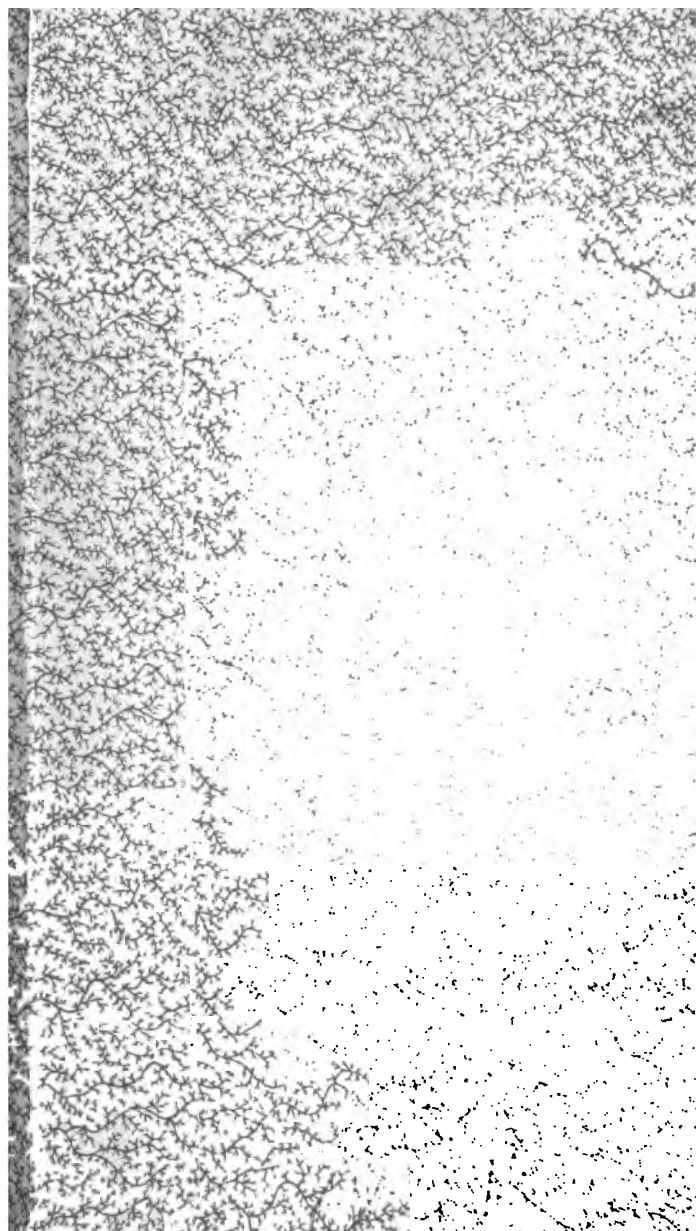
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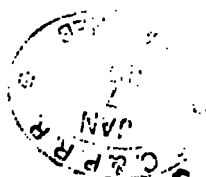
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THE POETS

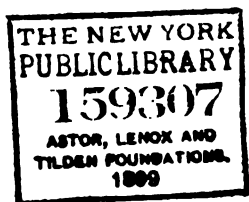
AND

POETRY OF MINNESOTA.

EDITED BY
MRS. W. J. ARNOLD.

Minnesota! thy fearless name,
Musical in song and long concealed from fame,
If yet thy silent language the gloom can pierce,
Shall rise and flourish in immortal verse.
Inventive genius; mystic powers,
And still more important, common sense is ours:
While knowledge useful, more than science grand,
In lakes and streams o'erspreads the land.

CHICAGO:
S. P. ROUNDS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 46 STATE STREET.
1864.



ROY W. WILSON
CLERK
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TO THE
HON. STEPHEN MILLER,

GOV. OF MINNESOTA,

*The Soldier, the Patriot, the
True Friend,*

THIS VOLUME IS VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

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NOT FOR
CIRCULATION
YASSEL

PREFACE.

The design of the "POETS AND POETRY OF MINNESOTA" is not altogether unprecedented, as various literary productions of other States, somewhat similar, have already appeared. These, however, for the most part, have been arranged without much principle of order, and have furnished no biographical sketches, and, in these respects, the plan of this work differs from that of others which, like itself, embrace only the writers of one State.

In preparing the present work, the first difficulty which presented itself was to determine a true principle of admission to its pages. Who are the Poets of Minnesota? We could not select those only who were born in the State and continue to reside within its limits, as our State is still in its infancy, and can claim but few of its citizens by birthright only. We must, then, take those who have become citizens by residence and adoption; and, indeed, some of those selected do not reside within the State at present, yet hail from Minnesota, the home

of their adoption. They belong to our literature by residence, and Minnesota may be justly proud of her adopted children.

Having thus resolved as to the class to which our selections should be confined, it was by no means an easy task to determine, upon the *score of merit*, who were entitled to a place in the volume. Those names, we are proud to say, are not few concerning which there could be no question. There are others who present some claim, and yet of such a moderate character that their admission must depend entirely upon the generosity of the editress. The critical reader may perhaps be disposed to think our benevolence has been immeasurably extensive, or our judgment too moderate for the task of discrimination. However, we have admitted none whom we do not think, on the whole, entitled to a place. We shall not claim that *all* the verse comprised in our selections is of a high order of poetry. But we do assert that we believe much of it to be, and that there is nothing in the volume *wholly* unworthy that name. Although we have used every care to obtain the writings of all our poets, we shall not be surprised to find that perhaps important omissions have occurred.

The present volume, like all new publications, must be regarded somewhat in the light of an experiment. Should such patronage be extended to it as we may reasonably expect, we may at some future time prepare an enlarged edition, when a larger selection may be afforded to some of those who now appear, and the names of many of those who are just beginning a literary career be added

to the present catalogue. In the biographical sketches we have endeavored to be as concise as possible, preferring merely to present a few principal facts of personal history from material obtained.

In the matter of criticism we have attempted but little, our position differing materially from that of a reviewer—and criticisms which the latter with propriety might often make, would appear wholly uncalled for on our part. In making our selections we have endeavored, according to our judgment, to present the best poems of each writer, although, in some instances, these poems may be well known to the reader.

To the various friends to whom we are indebted for necessary information in preparing our work—for patient replies to troublesome epistles, and for other services—we desire to tender our sincere thanks. Especially would we tender our acknowledgments to His Excellency, Gov. MILLER, for his efficient advice from the commencement of our labors to their close.

Our work is done, and we now patiently await the decision of the public upon its merits. We believe that we offer a valuable contribution to the literature of the State. While the names of many of our writers will be recognized by the reader as familiar acquaintances, there are others with whom the public have but slight acquaintance; and some of the poems in this volume have never before appeared in print.

We confess to a feeling of pride in submitting such a collection of poetical literature of our adopted State to

the public. The "Great West" must become the very nursery of American literature. Let the present work determine whether our peerless Minnesota shall not become its cradle.

Despite the labor and care which our work has caused us, we leave it with a sentiment of regret; like one who leaves the place where loved companions surround the festal board, whose cheering converse has long delighted and enlivened. Thus, fondly lingering, we bid farewell to our pleasant friends, THE POETS OF MINNESOTA.

HARRIET N. K. ARNOLD.

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HON. STEPHEN MILLER.

We commence our work with the name of Hon. **STEPHEN MILLER**. His verses are remarkable for the beauty and truth with which they express the reflections of the general mind, and emotions of the heart. Their tone is grave and high; but not gloomy nor morbid. The edges of the cloud of life are turned to gold by Faith and Hope. Making him, therefore, the Chaucer of our "goodly companie," he must lead the van of "The Poets and Poetry of Minnesota."

Gov. **STEPHEN MILLER** was born in Cumberland (now Perry) county, Pa., in 1816. He acquired a common school education, and served an apprenticeship to the milling business, after which he engaged in mercantile pursuits, and for many years conducted a forwarding and commission house in Harrisburg, Pa.

He married Miss MARGARET FUNK, of Dauphin County, Pa., in the year 1839.

In 1849 he was elected Prothonotary of Dauphin County, in his native State, and held that position until 1855, when, he resigned to accept the position of Flour Inspector of Philadelphia, to which he was appointed by Gov. JAMES POLLOCK. For several years at this period—including the exciting State canvass of 1854—he edited and published the *Pennsylvania Telegraph*, a leading organ of the Whig party.

Upon the expiration of his term as Flour Inspector, in the spring of 1858, he removed to St. Cloud, Minnesota, where he established a grocery and commission business, which he prosecuted until the commencement of the present war, in April, 1861.

He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention, at Chicago, in 1860, and headed the electoral ticket in the autumn of that year, when he and his associates were successful by nearly 10,000 majority. During that campaign he and the present Brig. Gen. C. C. ANDREWS—then a Douglas candidate for Elector—held some fifty joint discussions in the principal cities and towns of the State.

He was commissioned as Receiver in the Land Office at St. Cloud, in March, 1861, and in May of the same year as Captain in the United States Army, both of which appointments he declined.

At the commencement of the present war, he and his eldest son, **WESLEY F. MILLER**, enrolled themselves as private soldiers in the First Minnesota Regiment. The latter, after nobly discharging his duty in many battles, was slain, a First Lieutenant in the Seventh U. S. Infantry, at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2d, 1863. His second son, **STEPHEN C.**, also enlisted as a private soldier in the Sixth Minnesota Volunteers, in August, 1862, and has won his way through the intermediate grades to the position of Commissary of Subsistence, with rank of Captain. He is now with the army of Gen. Steele, in Arkansas.

We have been favored with a copy of the following official communication, which must close our notice of this contributor :

“STATE OF MINNESOTA, EXECUTIVE DEP'T, }
SAINT PAUL, February 26th, 1864. }

“In response to a circular of the 16th inst., I herewith furnish for the use of the War Department, a succinct account of my military history, since March, 1861.

“Very Respectfully,
STEPHEN MILLER,
Late Brig. Gen. U. S. Volunteers.”

APRIL 29TH, 1861.—Mustered into service as Lieutenant Colonel of First Minnesota Volunteers at Fort Snelling, and remained with said regiment in that capacity until September 17th, 1862, when I received an order from the General in Chief, at

Antietam, Md., dated August 24th, 1862, mustering me out of service, and directing me to report without delay to the Governor of Minnesota, to receive promotion.

SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1862.—Reported to Gov. RAMSEY, at St. Paul, and received commission as Colonel of the Seventh Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, commission dated August 24th, 1862.

OCTOBER 4TH, 1862.—Found and assumed command of said Seventh Minnesota Volunteer Regiment at "Camp Release," junction of the Minnesota and Chippewa Rivers, forming a part of Brig. Gen. SIBLEY's expedition against the Sioux. Continued in Minnesota, as Colonel of said regiment, until

OCTOBER 26TH, 1863, when I was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers by the President of the United States.

JANUARY 12TH, 1864.—Tendered my resignation as Brigadier General of Volunteers in order to assume the duties of Governor of Minnesota, to which position I was elected in November, 1863.

JANUARY 18TH, 1864.—Resignation as Brigadier General accepted.

BATTLES.

JULY 21ST, 1861 —Commanded right wing First Minnesota Volunteers at Bull Run. The regiment lost 189 men.

AUGUST, 1861, TO FEBRUARY, 1862.—Stationed at Edward's Ferry, Md., the regiment guarding six miles of the Potomac.

FEBRUARY 25TH, 1862.—Started for Winchester and returned

MARCH 31ST, 1862, to Washington City, thence by transports to Fortress Monroe.

MAY 4TH, 1862.—Entered Yorktown in pursuit of the enemy.

MAY 6TH, 1862.—Held in reserve at battle of West Point.

MAY 31ST AND JUNE 1ST, 1862.—In two engagements at Fair Oaks.

JUNE 29TH, 1862.—In battles of Peach Orchard and Savage's Station.

JUNE 30TH, 1862.—In battles of White Oak Swamp and Nelson's Farm.

JULY 31ST, 1862.—In battle of Malvern Hill.

In the five last named engagements I commanded the regiment, and lost in killed, wounded and missing, 91 men.

JULY 2D, 1862.—Rear guard on retreat to Harrison's Landing.

AUGUST 7TH, 1862.—The First Minnesota and self took part in a heavy reconnoissance to Malvern Hill. Several severe Skirmishes. About

AUGUST 20TH, 1862.—Marched from Harrison's Landing to Newport News, and sailed thence to Alexandria. About

AUGUST 30TH, 1862.—Reached Centerville, Va. Regiment acted as rear guard of Gen. POPE's retreat from Fairfax Court House to Chain Bridge. Had several severe skirmishes.

SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1862.—In reserve at battle of South Mountain.

SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1862.—Started West on order of Gen. HALLECK.

APRIL 1ST TO SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1862.—In GORMAN's brigade, SEDGWICK's Division, and SUMNER's Corps.

NOVEMBER 18TH, 1862.—Placed in command of Camp Lincoln, near Mankato, Minnesota, having in charge 300 condemned Sioux Indians.

DECEMBER 4TH, 1862—11 P. M.—Camp Lincoln attacked by a large body of citizens for the purpose of killing the Indian prisoners. Arrested and dispersed the rioters.

DECEMBER 5TH, 1862, TO JANUARY 1ST, 1863.—Commanded post at Mankato.

DECEMBER 26TH, 1862.—Executed thirty-eight Sioux Indians from a single scaffold, and at the same moment, at Mankato, Minnesota.

APRIL, 1863.—Shipped remainder of Sioux convicts by steamer from Mankato to Iowa.

MAY, 1863.—Shipped 1,800 Winnebago Indians from Mankato, bound for the Missouri River.

JUNE, 1863, TO SEPTEMBER, 1863.—In command of all the forces in garrison in the District of Minnesota in the absence of Gen. Sibley.

SOW IN TEARS AND REAP WITH JOY.

Thine is the lot, 'mid stormy scenes,
To sow the seed in tears,
And watch—with disappointment, oft—
For fruit in following years.
Perchance it by the wayside falls,
Where friendless birds devour ;
Or blooms upon the stony ground,
To wither in an hour ;
Or thorns may choke the tender blade,
And prospects pass away ;
The toil, the hope of months and years
May perish in a day.

But, written in the Book of God,
Behold the great command :
“At morn and eve dispense the seed,
Nor once withhold thy hand.”
When bird, and storm and thorn shall die,
And stones and earth decay,

“SOME shall bring forth a hundred fold”
On that great gleanng day.
Then scatter seed, and deeds, and tears
Where’ere thy feet may roam,
So shalt thou shout, with angel bands,
A blessed harvest home.

EARTH’S ANGELS.

O, tell me not that angel’s live
In lands of bliss alone—
That earth’s unfeeling hosts but give
Her wounded ones a stone—
That those who in temptation fall
Lose all of friends and fame—
That, wrecked and crushed, they vainly call
Their former friends by name.

I know that bleeding, robbed and nude,
Writhing in gore and dust,
The victims scan the multitude
And weep for one to trust;
That oft the friends of summer chide,
1*

And cry, "Alas! Alas!"
While far upon the other side
The priest and Levite pass.

But, robed in God's eternal love,
Samaritan's there are,
Who oil and bind each wound, and prove
By works and pence their care;
Or, like old Noah's faithful sons,
With garment broad and dense,
Move backward to the erring ones,
And cover their offence.

A blessing on the glorious few
Who dash to earth the rod,
And dare to think, and toil, and *do*
For suffering men and God.
Not yet their harps in glory peal
Their notes of blessedness;
But torn and tortured thousands feel
They're angels none the less.

THINGS I WANT.

I want a calm, yet sprightly home,
In some secluded vale,
Unshrouded by a cloud of gloom,
Untainted by a gale
Of sin. No gorgeous festive hall,
Nor grandeur I demand,—
A smiling cottage, and, withal,
A nook of wooded land.

I want a trusting, cheerful bride—
My joys and woes to share—
Who, ever near my heart and side,
Shall love to linger there ;
A bosom where I may recline
And trace my sorrows o'er—
A soul in sympathy with mine,
And *mine* forevermore !

These for we twain, and daily bread,
And health and love divine—
No tempest blast my soul should dread,

With God and thee for mine.
These ! and when wreck of bride and cot
O'er hope and heart be driven,
An endless and united lot
I'd want, and gain in heaven.

A CONTRAST.

The war-worn hero toils for fame,
His country's banner o'er his head ;
He gains, perchance, an envied name,
Or yields his breath on gory bed ;
No loved one there to count his sighs,
Or guide his spirit to its rest.
Far from his home and loved he dies—
Perchance by man alone is blessed—
His bones : they bleach on mountain brow,
Unwrapp'd by shroud, unhous'd by grave ;
Or, from some vessel's foam-washed prow,
Go plunging 'neath the cloud-met wave.

But see the "soldier of the cross,"
Amid the battle's hail and storm ;
Earth's fame and gain he counts but loss,

Himself esteems and calls a worm.
Himself in dust—his banner high—
His soul all centered in the strife—
His weapons : Faith, and hope, and joy—
His motto : “ Life ! Eternal life ! ”
At last he falls on victor’s field,
From tent, and toil and battle riven,
And dies reclining on a *shield* !
Which bears its bearer home to heaven !

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE.

Thou art gone far away to the land of the blest,
Where the pained and the weary are forever at rest.
O, sad are the hearts that around thee entwined,
And dreary the home thou hast left us behind,
And weary with watching and weeping the eyes
That gazed on thy path till it entered the skies !

But our hope is in God, and we look with delight
From the gloom of the grave to a city all bright—
From bereavements on earth to a meeting above,
And eternal communion with those that we love !

FOR AN ALBUM.

I shall not sing, as many do,
Of youth, and love and beauty—
Your glass and they speak well of these,
But neither talk of duty.
Homage of flatterers, such as they,
Is but a worthless bauble ;
A lady that has sense and eyes
Don't thank them for their trouble.

How rare are they who dare to sing
Of death, and tears, and sorrow ;
Of joys to-day how many tell,
How few of death to-morrow.
Yet tears and death will surely come,
When God alone can cheer thee ;
Then flattering friends shall fail and fly,
But He, if served, be near thee.

Then while with thee 'tis called to-day,
Obey, and praise and love Him,
And trample all beneath thy feet

That earth exalts above Him.
So shalt thou have His grace through time,
And, when thy bark is driven
Beyond this fleeting vale of tears,
A deathless home in heaven.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

For years she at her father's door
Waited for his weary coming—
Dear little Maggie, evermore
Welcomes humming.

For years no watcher at the door
Hath met that father's weary tread ;
Her absence tells him evermore
That Maggie's dead.

For years he knows at heaven's door
She hath been waiting for his coming ;
Sweeter than in days of yore
Welcomes humming.

"WHY DON'T YOU SING AS ONCE YOU SANG?"**A REPLY.**

How can I sing as once I sung,
With shivered harp which lies unstrung,
 Neath rubbish buried deep?
O, could I drag it thence again,
And wake the notes it echoed then,
 Its music ne'er should sleep.

The loved of years—can I forget?—
Were with me then; nor ever set
 My sun. Scarce an eclipse
For one short hour concealed its light;
And I was cheered to toil and right,
 By words from cherished lips.

But when the loved had drooped and died,
And trusted ones forsook my side,
 And gloom and clouds had come,
Then to my wonted place I sped,
And, weeping, touched each trembling thread;
 But, O! my harp was dumb!

Care hung his trophies on its wings,
And tears—those small but bitter things—
 Clothed every chord with rust;
Death on its frame his conquests piled,
Till, like an overburthened child,
 'Twas crushed into the dust.

'Twill wake, I trust, again, renewed—
With an immortal power endued—
 But ne'er to earthly song.
No! that will be in worlds of bliss—
Unharm'd by woes which sadden this—
 “God's angel bands among.”

"WHY DON'T YOU SING AS ONCE YOU SANG?"**A REPLY.**

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 But ne'er to earthly song.
No! that will be in worlds of bliss—
Unharm'd by woes which sadden this—
 “God's angel bands among.”

THE SKY.

The sky! the sky! the lofty sky!—

Its varied scenes, its bursting arch
Far stretched 'bove aerial worlds on high,
The spheres in which the planets march—
Elicits praise, calls forth applause,
And bids e'en admiration pause.

They bid her pause, nor dare attempt

A task so difficult or vain
As to define or e'r to paint
The wide-extended starry plain.
She nods assent, and, crouching cries :
Thy smallest orb my power defies.

'Tis morn. The towering God of day

Alone assumes majestic reign,
And, smiling, journeys on his way,
O'er mount and vale, o'er land and main,
Diffusing gladness on the earth,
Defying man to tell his worth.

'Tis noon. The dark and threatening clouds
In majesty do hover o'er;
Fork'd lightning streams along their shrouds,
And battling thunders crash and roar;
The dark collections heave and rend,
And heavenly tears to earth descend.

'Tis eve. The bright and silvery moon,
Surrounded by the taper light
Of thousand stars, dispels the gloom,
And rolls aside the murky night.
These march in glory through their sphere,
And admiration crouches here.

'Tis day or night—'tis dark or light—
'Tis morn, or eve, or when you will—
Gay Phœbus shines in plumage bright,
Or thunders shake each cloud-capped hill.
'Mid all the Christian says, "I see
Beyond that sky a home for me!"

His father being a man of reading and intelligence, soon discovered a taste for books in his son, and a growing thirst for information, which he exerted himself to the utmost of his ability to gratify. Though necessarily engaged during the summer and autumn months on the farm with his father; yet during the winter and spring he was sent to the academy in the little village. Subsequently he was sent to the Academy of New London, N. H., to prepare for college, and entered Dartmouth College in 1839. There he remained three years, and then entered and graduated at Union College, N. Y., in 1843. After taking his bachelor degree, he returned to New Hampshire, and commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. LEONARD WILCOX, of Arford, and completed his law studies with ex-President Pierce. He was admitted to the bar at Concord, N. H., in 1846.

Soon after that event he married a beautiful and highly-accomplished lady, and subsequently placed her in charge, as Principal, of the Young Ladies' Seminary, in the city of Ann Arbor, Mich., where they resided until the autumn of 1854, when Mrs. WOOD died very suddenly while on a visit east. Wishing to divert his mind from this great sorrow, and having perused with eagerness the glowing descriptions of the soil and climate of Minnesota—then a rising Territory—he, in the spring of 1855,

in company with a younger brother and his aged mother, came to the Northwest, and settled in the fertile valley of the Sauk River. After a residence there of two years he visited Southwestern Kentucky, where he remained some time, married a lady of Louisville, returned to Minnesota, and is now residing at Sauk Rapids.

During the political campaign which resulted in the election of FRANKLIN PIERCE, he, in connection with another gentleman, edited the *Chicago Daily Express*, which was discontinued after its object was accomplished.

Mr. WOOD commenced his poetical efforts at quite an early age, and has continued them, at intervals until the present time. His poems are characterized by melodious versification, and his style is spirited, usually elegant, and often vigorous to a high degree, proving him fully competent to sustain all pretenses to poetical honor. His "Ode to New Hampshire" elicited the highest praise from the New England press at the time of its publication, and "Father's Growing Old, John," has been the rounds of the public press for many years. It has been set to music by "the BAKERS," making it familiar as household words.

Mr. WOOD is a man of amiable temper and fine feeling, and possesses a well-stored mind and cultivated imagination.

ODE TO NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hail, land of the Mountain Dominion !

Uplifting thy crest to the day,

Where the eagle is bathing his pinion,

In clouds that are rolling away ;

O, say, from the Pilgrim descended,

Who trampled on Albion's crown,

Shall we, by thy cataracts splendid,

Refuse thee a wreath of renown ?—

A wreath of renown from thy evergreen bough,

Entwined with the oak that adorneth thy brow ?

What though on the mountains that bore us,

The fern in her loneliness waves ?

Our forefathers tilled them before us,

And here will we dwell by their graves ;

And beloved by thy blue-eyed daughters,

Ever true to the brave and the free,

We'll drink of the gush of thy waters,

That leap in the sun to the sea.

Huzza to the rocks and the glens of the North !

Huzza to the torrents that herald them forth !

Ye hills, where the tempest hath billow'd
O, glance to the vales of the sun ;
Where hearts on iniquity pillow'd,
Melt not o'er the deeds they have done ;
Where Slavery's merciless minion,
Is scourging the slave with his rod,
While Liberty foldeth her pinion,
And mournfully murmurs to God ;
Where the dew on the flower, and the mist on the
flood,
With voices that startle, cry "Blood! brother,
blood!"*

Thank God, that the scourge and the fetter
Have never dishonored thy flag ;
And but for thy SHAME that the debtor

* This stanza and the following one forces a word of comment from the author. It was written when his youthful imagination was warm with the unhealthy fervor, caught from the fanatical zeal, which then began to spread over his native State. One of the leading magazines of the time rejected the poem, on account of the spirit of these two stanzas, and politely requested the author to soften or remodel them. By the advice of friends, the author decided to let them stand as they are, and the ode was subsequently published in the *Boston Trumpet*, and other papers and books. The author takes this occasion to express his regret for the absence of the spirit of christian charity and of humanity, as exhibited in the lines in question. The cause which prompted the rebuke in the next stanza, has long since been removed, and the poor debtor has been relieved by humane and enlightened laws.

Is dragged from his home on the crag ;
Thy fearless and Puritan spirit,
Might speak with a cry of disdain,
To the valleys whose children inherit
The slave in his collar and chain !
Let the woes of the bondman dissolve thee no m
Till thy bolts are withdrawn on the penniless po

Peace to us is evermore singing
Her songs on thy mountains of dew,
While still at our altars are swinging,
The swords which our forefathers drew ;
But Oh, may we never unsheath them
Again where the carnage awaits,
But to our descendants bequeath them,
To hang upon Liberty's gates—
Encircled with garlands, as blades that were dra
By the hosts of the Lord, who have conquered
gone !

All hail to thee, Mountain Dominion !
Whose flag in the cloud is unrolled,
Where the eagle is straining his pinion,
And dipping his plumage in gold ;
We ask for no hearts that are truer,

No spirits more gifted than thine,
No skies that are warmer or bluer,
Than dawn on thy hemlock and pine.
Ever pure are the breezes that herald thee forth,
Green land of my fathers ! thou Rock of the North !

JUDAH IN BABYLON—LAST NIGHT OF THE CAPTIVITY.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem ; and the King and his Princess, his wives and his concubines drank in them. They drank wine and praised the gods of gold and silver. * * * In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlesticks upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace ; and the King saw the part of the hand that wrote. * * * In that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldean's slain.—*Book of Daniel*.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down ; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. * * * For they that carried us away captive required of us a song ; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying : sing us one of the songs of Zion. * * * *Psalm cxxx, vii.*

'Tis eve on broad Euphrates' stream,
A song is by Euphrates heard,
And mingled grief and triumph seem
To breathe in each prophetic word ;

And harp and heart alike are stirr'd ;
For Judahs minstrels feel the power
Of prophecy so long deferr'd,
Come wildly o'er them in this hour.

God is moving! Harp of Zion !
Harp of Zion, be thou strung !
On the neck of Judah's lion
Be the festive garland hung ;
String anew the harp of Zion.

Harp of Zion, lost to gladness,
Long thy sacred chords have slept,
Save when captive, stung to madness,
Have those chords delirious, swept,
When his soul remembered Zion.

Harp of Zion, rudely shaken,
By-word though thy song now be,
Thou shalt yet exultant waken
In the vales of Galilee—
Wake beside the brooks of Zion.

Harp of Zion, God is moving !
On thy wires his spirit falls,

To the fainting captive proving,
Salem shall rebuild her walls—
Set on high the gates of Zion.

Men of Edom ! lo, the river,
Surging 'neath its hollow arch,
Rattles like the warrior's quiver
In an army's midnight march.
God unsheath's the sword for Zion !

Haste, O, Judah ! bid thy daughters
Rise, annoint, and weep no more ;
Where Euphrates rolls his waters
Media's alien tides shall pour !
God doth break thy bonds, O, Zion !

Thus swept the captive's hand anew
The harp that once in Jewry rung,
And fast the welcome burthen drew
The tears from hearts to bursting strung;
For sore the chain of bondage hung
On Israel's neck, where erst the pearls
Lay lovingly, as gems among
The braided hair of Judah's girls.

But now on Babel's daring towers
Cimmerian night obtrudes its wing,
And, impious, in his urban bowers,
High revel holds the pagan King.
"Away these paltry offerings fling"—
And harsh the monarch's mandate falls—
"Bid captive Judah's minstrels string
The harps they bore from Salem's walls.

"And hither lead the virgin throng
Of Jewry's girls to aid the lyre,
And give to Zion's boasted song
Its angel tones and prophet fire ;
And while the Hebrews' potent wire
Shall make my princes mirth till morn,
To rouse the God of Israel's ire,
And laugh his servile hosts to scorn,

"Bring forth the golden goblets bright,
The wealth of Ophir's yellow mine,
Rich trophies that Chaldea's might
In triumph tore from Salem's shrine ;
And while they blush with Syrian wine,
And sounds the Hebrew's harp in thrall,
Let every knee in rite divine,
With loud acclaim, to Belus fall !

“ For who is God in Israel now ?
Her sacred gates have crumbled long,
And I that smite her on her brow,
Will make a by-word of her song.”

He paused, as if his lips delayed
To word the scorn his heart essayed ;
Then, with a low, quick cry and start,
As if a lance had pierced his heart,
With backward crouch, and eye amazed,
Transfixed with mortal fear, he gazed.
So, in his orgies murder red,
Aghast beholds the avenging dead
Glare at him from the grave ;
For o'er against the ivory throne,
Where broad the lurid torches shone
And high the wall its surface gave,
The hand, as of a mortal, came
And, lettered thus, in words of flame :

*“ Thy kingdom, it is finished ; and
Thee in the balance have I weighed ;
To those who war against thy hand
I break the scepter thou hast swayed.”*

Out start the monarch's eyes with fear,
And every limb, with awe unstrung,
Shook like the leaves distained and sere,
November's faded woods among ;
And, as if by a serpent stung,
The cup untasted left his hold,
And loud the sacred vessel rung
Adown the steps' descending gold.

The Hebrew let the lay expire,
His hand uplifted o'er the wire ;
And, midway, in its flowing word,
His parted lips the song deferred.

The sultry tides that in her face
Revealed the fervor of her race,
Tumultuous paints in joy and woe,
The captive maiden's cheek of snow ;
And o'er the dark depths of her eyes,
Clear as her own bright Syrian skies,
Her long and silken lashes pressed
Against the vision that distressed,
While o'er her cheek the tears distill,
Soft as the dews on Zion's hill.

Night fades. Afar and level shine
Morn's saffron floods on Babel glowing,
And deeper tides than those of wine
Have been within her palace flowing;
And there are heaps of slaughter, showing
In many a swath, the fight's red soul,
While on the early zephyr flowing,
Brings the Median battle-shout.

And where is he—Chaldea's lord—
That swayed the realm an hour ago?
Has he escaped the Persian sword,
Or Media's iron arrows? No!
As if the awful hand that wrote
Had pierced him through the heart and limb,
Crownless and crushed, he lies remote,
The jewels on his temples dim!
What is the victor's shout to him?
Wide glare his eyes' protruding balls,
As though he saw the writing grim,
Still flaming on his palace walls!

Thus snaps the scepter and the sword,
When raised to mock the living Lord;

And God doth yet in Zion reign;
And thus shall tyrants bite the dust,
Who sore misuse their sacred trust,
And heavier make the captive's chain.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

Hark ye! for I come from the cold streaming north;
With the blackness of tempests I hurry me forth;
And the sound of my pinions ye hear in the sky—
Lo, where I am coming! I am nigh—I am nigh!
My wing, it is fleetness; it speedeth in wrath,
To blight and destroy on its desolate path;
And far as I swoop o'er valley and hill,
Old earth in her mantle lies darkened and chill;
The leaves of the forest and flowers of the plain,
Lie crimson and scattered like warriors slain;
Their host it hath perished on mountain and lea,
As sleet of the winter dissolve in the sea.

O, Autumn! how dreary and dark is thy shrine!
For the breath of my nostril hath blighted thy vine;
Thy garland is faded, thy triumph is passed,

And thou must lie down with thy sisters at last ;
But, maiden, I'll work thee a burial shroud,
All dark as the tempest and broad as the cloud,
And far, where I sweep on the desolate lea,
I'll waken a dirge o'er thy sisters and thee ;
And thou shalt repose, like an earth-smitten bride,
All reft of her glory, her passion and pride.

My tramp on the mountains !—my tramp has been
heard—

And the deep, dim forests its echoes have stirred ;
And the billows that roar to the land from the main,
I'll chain to the rocks with an adamant chain,
And the foam-crested breaker, so fearful and wild,
I'll tame for the sport of the marriner's child.

O, heard ye the cry of the poor and the lone,
As their thin cheeks bleed to my fingers of stone ?
'Tis abroad ! 'tis abroad ! and the legend of fear,
Still floats like a curse to the reveler's ear.
As I rode on the storm in the bitter cold air,
I heard through the darkness a cry of despair ;
I swept on the blast from a hut on the moor,
To a rich man's dwelling, and knocked at his door ;

He heard not the call, for the viol's were loud,
And the beat of the dancers was rapid and proud;
He heard not the cry that was uttered in vain,
And bade them strike up with a merrier strain;
The feast, it was spread on the sumptuous board,
And the song, it was sung, and the wine, it was
poured,
Nor dreamt they the wail through the casement
that passed
Was aught but a shriek of the wandering blast.

But when the red morning the mountains had dyed,
And Dives stepped down from his mansion of pride,
His heavy eye fell on a golden-haired child
That sat on his threshold that bleak morn, and
smiled.
He called to her kindly—she spake not a word—
And he shook like a leaf by the autumn wind stirred;
And a snow wreath was laid on her beautiful hair.
One little hand held her rude cloak to her form,
And the other was raised in rebuke to the storm;
Her raiment so scant, as she crouched in the cold,
In modesty sheltered the grace of her mould;
But disclosed in their beauty, by sandal unbound,

Her feet, which the kisses of autumn had browned.
She heaved not a sigh and she breathed not a moan;
Her bosom was marble, her heart, it was stone !
The suffering smile on the fair cheek that lay,
Had parted her lips in its innocent play,
For her pure spirit passed from that threshold of
sin,

While her meek ear was turned to the viols within.

Lo, my brood where it sweeps from the far frozen
pole !

Up ! haste ye away to the famishing soul !

Wait ye by the gates of the poor and forlorn,
Where the young mother weeps o'er her earliest
born ;


Ay, wait and be blessed till ye pass to that shore
Where the cry of the orphan is lifted no more,
Where the princely reward of the righteous is sure,
And the FATHER OF MERCIES *remembers the poor !*

FATHER'S GROWING OLD.

Father is growing old John !
His eyes are getting dim,
And years have on his shoulders laid,
A heavy weight for him.
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make his load as light
And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John,
At cradle and the plow,
And earned our porridge by the sweat,
That trickled down his brow ;
Yet never heard we him complain,
Whate'er his toil might be,
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat,
Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy-strength came, John !
And sturdy grew each limb,
He brought us to the yellow field,
To share the toil with him.



But he went foremost in the swath,
Tossing aside the grain,
Just like the plow that heaves the soil,
Or ships that sheer the main.

Now we must lead the van, John !
Through weather foul and fair,
And let the old man read and dose,
And tilt his easy chair ;
And he'll not mind it John, you know,
At eve to tell us o'er
Those brave old days of British times,
Our grandsires and the war.

I heard you speak of Ma'am, John !
'Tis gospel what you say,
That caring of the like of us,
Has turned her head so gray !
Yet, John, I do remember well,
When neighbors called her vain,
And when her hair was long and like
A gleaming sheaf of grain.

Her lips were cherry red, John !
Her cheeks were round and fair,

And like a ripened peach they swelled
Against her wavy hair ;
Her steps fell lightly as the leaf,
From off the summer tree,
And all day busy at the wheel,
She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John !
That wielded well the rod,
Whene'er with willful step our feet
The path forbidden trod ;
But to the heaven of her eye
We never looked in vain,
And ever more our yielding cry
Brought down her tears like rain.

But that is long ago, John !
And we are what we are,
And little heed we day by day,
Her fading cheek and hair ;
And when beneath her faithful breast
The tides no longer stir,
'Tis then, John, we the most shall feel
We had no friend like her !

Since there can be no harm, John !
Thus speaking softly o'er
The blessed names of those, ere long,
Shall welcome us no more.
Nay ! hide it not, for why shouldst thou
An honest tear disown ?
Thy heart one day will lighter be,
Remembering it has flown.

Yes, father's growing old, John !
His eyes are getting dim,
And mother's treading softly down
The deep descent with him.
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make their path as smooth
And level as we can.

AFFECTION UNREQUITED.

How keen the pang, the sharp distress—
The knowledge all inwrought with pain,
That those whom we have loved to bless
Can turn on us their cold disdain !
What anguish to the heart to know
That those whom we have worshipped so,
Are hardening towards us day by day ;
That eyes that once their tender beam
Could lend to brighten every dream,
Can turn those blessed beams away,
And shine for others, not for us,
Who thought within their light to dwell—
Alas for him who dreameth thus,
And wakes to mourn the broken spell !

Alas for those who love too well !
To such is life a load to bear,
An anguish which they may not tell,
A wasting grief which none may share ;
In vain for these Hope's heavenly bow
Suspends its painted arc below.

They dwell from earthly hope apart,
And, with despairing, tearless lid,
They sit them down to brood amid
The ruins of a broken heart !
For ruin in that heart presides,
Where unrequited passion broods,
And, from their source, the languid tides
Flow through its hopeless solitudes.

A MOTHER LISTENING TO THE RAIN.

My heart is heavy, Susie dear ;
It aches with speechless pain,
To hear against the shutter beat
The pleasant summer rain !

Few days ago, thy lilly cheek
Here unto mine was lain,
And thinking of it makes the tears
Drop faster than the rain !

For every drop that gushes down,
And tinkles on the pane,

Reminds me of thy little grave
Out in the summer rain !

Here stands thy empty cradle yet ;
I sit by it in vain,
And rock it with a vague intent,
And listen to the rain.

THE SABBATH EVENING BELL.

From childhood's early artless day,
I've loved the sacred Sabbath well,
But most my soul doth feel its sway,
When listening to its evening bell.

It is the sound of all I know,
That I account most blessed here ;
That I would have when I must go,
Fall last upon my dying ear.

Methinks my spirit less would grieve
To quit this fickle world so fair,
Did but the bell of Sabbath eve
Come melting through the purple air.

In solitude's remotest nook

Seek only for such tones divine—

The murmur of the lonely brook,

The whisper of the mountain pine !

Or by the ocean's summer strand,

Where through the white mist all night long,

The smooth seas, swinging to the land,

Pour to the stars a pleasant song.

Heart-soothing sounds of magic power !

As welcome to the heart they come,

As pardon in a parting hour,

Or twilight to a dying room.

THE SOUTHERN WIND.

The Southern Wind comes softly up
The Mississippi's stream,
And if I'm dreaming in my heart
'Tis this that bids me dream ;
For I am musing now of one,
Whose cheek the Southern breeze
Did sweetly woo but yesterday
In coming from the seas.
He brings the odor in his breath
Of many a Southern flower—
The fragrance of the orange grove,
Where beauty's heart throbs but to love,
And smiling owns its power.

His voice is rippling in my ear
A dear familiar name,
And though he babbles indistinct,
Its import is the same.
I know it by the gentle look—
That look she always bore,

And by the fashion of her form
And vesture that she wore.
At ruddy morn he passed her by,
And smoothed her horse's mane,
As up the dewy slopes he trode—
And gaily on the lady rode,
Shaking her silken rein.

O, gentle talking Summer Wind !
O, softly babbling breeze !
Should'st thou e're blow this way again
From purple Southern seas ;
Speak sweetly with my wedded love,
For she is lilly fair,
And darker than the raven's wing,
The midnight of her hair ;
The birds have caught her gentle name,
And troll it in their song,
And down beside the dewy way,
The flowers look brighter all the day,
Where she doth ride along.




COL. J. H. BAKER.

COL. J. H. BAKER was born in Monroe, Butler County, Ohio, May 6th, 1829. He is the only son of Dr. Henry Baker, one of the oldest and most influential of the Methodist clergymen of Ohio. He had every opportunity given him by his father for a thorough intellectual training, and after several years being spent at the academy in Lebanon, Ohio, he was sent to the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, where, in July, 1852, he graduated. In this year also he was married. At College he was noted for his devotion to belles-lettres, rather than attention to the legitimate studies of the course. Yet he was proficient as a Latin scholar, took the Latin honors of his class, and delivered the Latin oration in his junior year.

After leaving College, as is usual with young graduates, he spent some time in teaching, and was soon offered the charge of a Female College at Richmond, Pa., where he spent some time. His taste for literature very naturally led him to seek a different field of effort, and in 1853 he bought of Ottway Curry (his friend, and one of the very best poets the West has produced,) the *Sciota Gazette*, the oldest and one of the most influential journals in Southern Ohio. He entered with zeal into his new work, and as the Republican party was then springing into existence, he espoused with all the ardor of youth and faith, the doctrines of that party organization, and soon became known in that portion of Ohio as one of its most efficient young champions. In 1855, by the convention which nominated the Hon. S. P. Chase, late Secretary of the Treasury, for Governor of Ohio, COL. BAKER was nominated for Secretary of State. He at once took the stump and became distinguished for the forensic ability he displayed in the extraordinary canvass which followed.

He was elected and served with credit and ability. Near the close of his term of office, all his relatives having removed to Minnesota, he determined to follow them, and in the year of 1858, with his family he removed to our State and bought a farm near



Garden City, Blue Earth County, in the midst of his Ohio friends, and settled down to quiet life.

In the Republican Convention held at St. Paul, in 1859, he appeared as a delegate from Blue Earth County, and by his address and business qualifications, so impressed the Convention, that they nominated him almost by acclamation for the office of Secretary of State. The bitterness with which he was aspersed and maligned in the spirited canvass which followed, his triumphant vindication, and his eloquent pleas for the principles of his party, is too well known to all Minnesotians, to need amplification in this article.

In the Presidential canvass of 1860, COL. BAKER largely participated, doing work in Illinois, Wisconsin, and all over our own State. His ability as a public speaker, and the unaffected earnestness of purpose and conviction, exhibited in all his efforts, is well known and commend him to all.

In the fall of 1860 he was re-elected to the office of Secretary of State. This office he administered with fidelity and marked ability to the entire satisfaction of the people of the State.

When the call was issued by the President in the summer of 1862, for "six hundred thousand more," by his appeals to the people at a series of meetings in his section of the State, he aided quite materially in raising the new regiments, and Gov. RAMSEY

offering him the Colonelcy of the 10th regiment, he resigned the office of Secretary of State and entered upon his new duties with patriotic zeal. He served in the campaign against the Sioux Indians, under Gen. SIBLEY, in the summer of 1863, and for his courage evinced in face of the enemy, and faithful discharge of duty, he received the highest encomiums from Gen. SIBLEY.

After his return from the Indian campaign, in the fall of 1863, with his regiment, he was ordered South, and having reported at St. Louis, in obedience to orders, he was assigned by Maj. Gen. SCHOFIELD to the responsible command of the post of St. Louis. His faithful discharge of duty, and superior administrative ability so commended him to his superior officers, that he has not only been continued in that command an extraordinary length of time, but his command is enlarged to that of a district.

It is well understood that Col. BAKER's military administration at St. Louis has been highly acceptable to the people of that city, and that he has enjoyed the full confidence of Maj. Gen. SCHOFIELD, and of his distinguished successor, Maj. Gen. ROSECRANS.

The subjoined poetical effusions are efforts of his youth, written, while at, and immediately after leaving College. They have never been revised by him, and he only regards them as the result of that

homage which every person of imagination and taste pays to the muses in the first auroral flush of developing mind. They were contributed in part to *Grahams' Magazine*, then in the hey-day of its fame, to the *Ladies' Repository*, Cincinnati, O., to the *Western Literary Messenger*, and to the *Cincinnati Commercial*. They, however, speak for themselves. There is an earnestness, a concentration and depth to them, which gives them a strong flavor of poetic life and talent which the public mind cannot fail to appreciate.

EXTRACT FROM "THE SPIRIT BRIDE."

[This Poem was taken from Prescott's splendid chapter on "ASTEC CIVILIZATION."]

Night comes down with many a wary fold,
Dropping the mantle of her loveliness ;
While from her lamps of amber and of gold,
The balmy air's made soft and tremulous,
The stars do walk with silver-sandal'd feet
The deep blue velvet of the meadow'd sky ;
The fairy moon all lovers come to meet,
And rains new beauty in each tender eye ;
The flowers up-lip to kiss the dewy air,
And water's murmur with a silver song ;
The little birds are dreaming everywhere,
While shadows creep the sleeping world along.
O, who that hath one touch of living fire,
One pulse of passion in his beating breast,
But pants with rapture in the rich empire
Night drops in glory on the world at rest !

MY WATCH.

Ticking ! ticking, goes my watch,
Swift as the pulses of my heart ;
Both are going with despatch,—
Each the other's counterpart.

Hands upon its face are telling,
With the most exact account,
How the hours of life are swelling
Up the terrible amount !

Minutes fly so quick around ;
Hours lag a little slower ;—
Pleasures pass us with a bound,
Sorrow is a loiterer.

Then a spring within its cells,
To regulate its operations,
Just as conscience always tells
Us about our aberrations.

Thing didactic I will wear you
Ever near my beating heart,
Thus 'tis well I should not spare you,
For the lessons you impart.

And while you ever keep a ticking
Tune within your silver cell,
It shall be to me a warning,
As of some solemn sounding knell,

Causing me to pause and ponder,
While I tread the paths of time,
Lest I may my moments squander
For a purpose not sublime !

TRIBUTE TO OTWAY CURRY.

Tell me ye lustrous stars that gaze with golden eyes
From off your trembling towers along the bending
 skies,

In all the measured rounds of your emphyreal way,
Where sleeps your quivering light as wakes the
 realms of day—

Have ye not somewhere seen a richly jeweled soul,
Pass in on angel-wings to its eternal goal?

Or where the starlight falls, a pilgrim pale and
 spent,

Against the jewelled walls of heaven's battlement,—
Tell me ye warders bright who guard the shining
 gate,

Forever missioned there for ransom'd souls to wait,
Have ye not lately op'd your pearly portals wide,
As a sainted poet's soul did noiselessly inglide?

Tell me ye angels fair, that like the sunlight quiver,
In rare and radiant ranks beside the heavenly river,
 3*

Or you, ye singing seraphs, that hymn in heavenly
choirs,
Whose hearts are throbbing high with great im-
mortal fires :
Has not a new-strung harp been bursting into song,
Whose silver melody may charm the purple throng?

A SEA SONG.

Down, deep in the depths
Of the fathomless sea,
Lie ingots of wealth
We never shall see ;
So, down in the depths
Of the measureless heart,
Lies a richness of love
Unfathomed by art.

With the bright blue waves
Caressing our keel,
Of the wealth of the ocean
How little we feel ;

Of the tide of immortals
We meet and we part,
How little we know
Of the depths of the heart.

The caves of the ocean
Have each in their cell
The soft-sighing music
Of a rose-tinted shell ;
So love is the music
That deep in the breast,
Gives beauty to being,
And sweetness to rest.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea ;
So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

THE SHEPHERD OF PO.

Slept a gentle shepherd boy
On the yellow hills of Po,
His oaten reed—his only joy—
Hath hush'd its music long ago.

Dusky twilight skirts along,
Imbrowning all the sleeping hill;
By drowsy night the tinkling throng
Are lulled beside the running rill.

The vesper hymn comes o'er the lea,
And tells it of the sisters pale,
Who chant and chime the melody
That mournful makes the lonely dale.

His fleecy flock, his only care,
His oaten reed his greatest joy;
From youth to age he wanders there,
No more—no less—a shepherd boy.

He climbs the hill at rosy dawn,
He turns again at even-tide;
He sports him on the level lawn,
And tells his beads at every chime.

As the sunshine chases shadow,
Fleet around the flying globe,
Lifting darkness from the meadow—
Giving earth a brighter robe;

So the soft and gentle sorrow,
That presseth on his guileless breath,
Doth never know a dark to-morrow,
With his burthen of unrest.

Unto God a living love
Bears he in that spotless breast,
And his spirit as a dove,
Nestles in eternal rest.

Not the lowly and the meek,
Unostentatious in their ways,
Judge ye harshly while ye seek
Madly for your fellows praise.

God has hid the gentle souls
Within the mantle of his love;
Secure they live within its folds,
Till Laz'rus-like, they pass away.

THE MORN IS UP.

Like a broad and brimming ocean,
Hymning forth a deep devotion ;
Like a rush of angel-wings
Is the beauty morning brings
 From her portals of red fire !

What a banner she unfurls !
What a flood of flaming pearls !
As a doe that's fair and fleet,
O'er the hills with silver feet,
 She is coming, nigher, nigher !

O'er my soul her music rolls,
Like chanted psalm's for happy souls ;
And I stand in golden trances,
Pierced by all her starry lances
 In my bosom sweetly meeting.

As a dream, the raven night
Has passed from out my burning sight,
And round the world a burning zone
Is leaping from a royal throne,
 And rolls along in silver waves.

How the rich and kingly light
Is making conquest of the night !
And plants his flag on every mountain,
In every breeze, by every fountain,
And o'er a thousand starry graves !

An Eastern Prince, he comes to greet
Hesperian lands, with jeweled feet,
And floats o'er earth, and o'er the sea,
Triumphant in his agony,
With a swoop of silver oars.

The moonlight wings her mellow ray
Apart from out the realms of day,
And stars that fleck the vaulted dome
Are banished from that nightly throne,
And light usurps their lofty towers.

A conqueror now, he spreads his tent
Of crimson o'er the firmament,
And with a thousand flags unfurled
Proclaims the conquest of a world,
That, as a king, he dowers.

THE PASSING SPIRIT.

IN IMITATION OF SHELLEY'S "CLOUD."

The blood from my heart is beginning to part,
The pulses are heavy and slow ;
The golden bowl has a death-like toll,
And earth has a fugitive glow.
As the light of an ember, in gloomy December,
Is entombed in ashes and dust,
So the light of mine eye is filmy, and I
Must pass to the face of the Just.
But I leap to think that the fearful brink
Of the dark and nethermost shore,
Moors a bark that will rise through the sea of
skies,
And a Pilot to ferry me o'er.

Eyes are weeping for a heart that is leaping,
To pass on its wildering way ;
The moment is sped, the arrow has fled—
I shout for the realms of day.
My coursers are fleet, the echoes are sweet
That people the ambient air,

Ye crystalline stars, exult in your cars,
And the sheen of your golden hair !
Your palace of Night will be last in the light
Of the crimson tent of the Day,
But a light will enroll and empurple my soul,
That never shall pass away.

I've a silvery laugh at my own epitaph,
That's writ on the Pyrian stone,
And the worms have a route in my body and out,
As it sleeps in the valley alone.
I pass through the clouds in their snowy shrouds,
Where the moonbeams lay like snow ;
My spirit is light in the ambient night,
And burns with a radiant glow.
I hear the swell of a golden bell,
As the angels are cleaving the air ;
And the starlight I reel to my chariot wheel
Is the golden burthen I bear.

The stars have a rhyme, and a musical chime
In the beat of their silvery feet ;
The moon is a dream in her mellowing gleam—
In the haze of her golden sleet.

Nor the moon, nor the stars, nor the golden bars
 That inlay the bosom of Night,
Have a power to hold the mystical soul,
 In the rush of its heavenward flight.
As the golden notes from a thousand throats
 Of jubilant larks in the sky,
Was the burst and the swell of the music that fell
 As I passed to my palace on high.

The angels and I are sweeping the sky,
 And stretch to the portals of Light ;
The gates that are barred are diamon'd and starr'd
 And limit the realms of Night.
The pellucid bars roll back on their cars
 To ape the imperial story ;
The vision unrolls beatified souls,
 In the lambent light of their glory.
A dreamy unfurl of purple and pearl,
 And hills that are throbbing with love,
And the visible change so witchingly strange—
 That this is the temple above.

FROM "THE SPIRIT BRIDE."

O, why should I pass to the mystical sky,
To the rivers of stars, and the altars on high,
When the earth is a blossom a lover hath trod,
All mottled with gold by the finger of God !

O, why should I brush, with the pinions of thought
The feet of the angels that step in the glow
Of the glory so deep in eternity wrought,
That Death is the way to the purple outflow ?

The flowers are blooming on hill and in dale ;
The stars are beating a beautiful chime ;
In the marge of the river the lily is pale,
And the harp of the waters is sounding a rhyme !

The cedars grow thick with the shadows of night,
While the odor of blooms, deliciously sweet,
Is brimming the sense with a lavish delight,
And drippings of star-light are kissing my feet.

Yet upward still clamber the tendrils of soul,
Outfeeling invisible bars of a goal,
Up the stairway of stars by mortals untrod,
Where eternity coils at the feet of its God !



MISS M. E. PIERSON.

Miss MATTIE E. PIERSON, is the daughter of JOHN N. PIERSON, Esq., formerly of Concord, N. H. When she was ten years of age he removed with his family to Covington, Ky., where she received the best portion of her education. Here she was placed at the school of Prof. A. T. GOODHUE, a cousin of her father, and was there required regularly to write compositions. The Professor's quick eye readily discovered the latent talent which but needed a little fostering to develop its power, and being himself an ardent admirer of poetry, and a fine reader, he used to read and repeat long passages to his pupils from favorite authors, pointing out to them their beauties, and encouraging a love for the same. Under this kind, appreciating care, the young fledgeling developed a power of imagery and fancy which was a source of pleasure to him,

as well as her parents. Some of her poems were written at the age of fifteen, at which time she commenced teaching school, which vocation she followed for a number of years.

In 1855 her father removed to Minnesota, and settled on a farm near Ottawa, LeSeur County, where he has since resided.

Miss PIERSON remained in Kentucky, teaching, until the autumn of 1857, when she also came to the State, and within a month after reaching the loved ones of home, was called upon to bury her mother, to whom she was most tenderly attached. This affliction has seemed to settle down deep in her heart, and has imparted a melancholy tinge to all her later writings.

In November, 1859, Miss PIERSON was married to Mr. EDSON R. SMITH, of LeSeur, and they have resided there since that time.

Mrs. SMITH is a graceful writer, of fancy and feeling, and many of her articles have met with wide popularity. Her style is smooth and flowing, and her productions are not wanting in the elements of true poetry.

HOPE ON! HOPE EVER!

Why weep in woe, and seem to be
Of grief and sorrow fond ;
Nor try to pierce the darkling clouds,
To catch a glimpse beyond ?
But just above those sorrow clouds,
The golden sunbeams lay,
Then why not mount on wings of faith,
And bid them round thee play ?

Oh, is it right to fold thy hands
In mute and calm despair,
To sit thee down in idleness,
And brood on naught but care ?
Oh no ! our mission is designed
A brother's lot to cheer ;
His griefs to soothe, his wounds to bind,
While on our journey here.

Then grieve not, friend, when troubles come
Nor fear to sorrow meet;
But look to God, and humbly bow
In resignation sweet.
Thine eye is not the only one
That's bathed in sorrow's tear;
Some other heart in grief is bowed,
Which thou might help to cheer.

Go, find that heart less blest than thine,
And pour within his ear
Sweet words of peace, and comfort too,
With sympathizing cheer.
Then shal't thou find a happiness
Abroad, and in thy home;
The peace diffused in *others'* hearts,
Shall make more blest thine own.

I ASK ONE FRIEND.

I ask one friend—one *constant* friend—

With voice of tender tone ;

I only ask one gentle heart

That kindly beats

Responsive to my own.

One loving breast to lean upon,

And whisper words of love ;

To go with me life's journey through,

And share at last

The blissful home above.

What matters all the praise of earth,

If one must lonely feel,

Without one sympathizing heart,

Forever near,

To share our woe or weal ?

And I have dared, e'en when a child,

To dream of worldly fame—

But, since I've lived to know how vain

Is empty praise,

I ask not for a name,

Save in *one* cherished memory,
Where, shielded from life's woes—
From angry winds and dashing waves,
My fragile bark
Shall anchor in repose.

TWILIGHT SONG.

Shadows gather, softly gather,
O'er the grassy steep,
Fairy breezes gently humming,
Sing the earth to sleep.

Faint and fainter grows the music,
Down the beechen dell,
Of the homeward herd-boy singing,
And the tinkling bell.

Steals the moonlight—soft revealing,
Where the silence creeps,
That the happy earth is smiling—
Smiling in her sleep.

Blue-eyed posies on the hillside
Bow their gentle heads,
Snowy-browed ones in the valley,
Tucked in leafy beds,

Roaming far off in the dream-land,
Where the fairies dwell,
Gath'ring sweet things for the morrow,
Loving hearts to tell.

Precious little *household* blossoms,
Innocent as they—
Do ye wander with the flowers,
Night, as well as day?

Loving watcher, bending o'er them,
Kissing each fair brow—
Pray that God will ever keep them,
Pure and bright as now ;

That they may never lose their sweetness,
'Mid the snares of life,
But grow *sweeter* for its sunshine,
Purer for its strife.

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER."

AN INCIDENT AT NEW ORLEANS.

'Twas in a far-off stranger land,
Where smiles a Southern sky,
One summer's morn a stranger youth,
Had laid him down to die.
The fever burned within his veins,
And dimmed the raven eye
That parting tears had lately wet,
When he had breathed "good-bye."

No mother's hand his pillow smoothed,
No sister dear was nigh
To whisper love's sweet soothing words,
Or breathe the *last* good-bye.
But 'mid delirium's paintings wild,
He saw his home again,
And climbed once more the greenwood hills
And rocks of dear old Maine.

Again he knelt, 'as oft he had,
At holy eventide,

And lisped the prayer he oft had breathed,
His mother's knee beside.
When stranger hands his pillow pressed,
He dreamed it was another's,
And faintly whispered low and sweet,
That sweetest word, "dear mother!"

But "mother" came not—and the band
That stood around his bed,
In muffled whispers, low and sad
Did murmur—"he is dead!"
And prayer was offered o'er him there—
And o'er his lowly grave
A prayer went up for those who wept,
Beyond the dark-blue wave.

And ere they closed the coffin lid,
An aged form drew near,
And brushed the curls from off his brow,
And dropped a pearly tear.
"Poor boy," she said, "so far away
From his fond mother's side—
Then let me kiss him for her sake,
To whom it is denied."

A chord was touched in many hearts
Unused to sympathy,
And eyes where tears had strangers been,
Shed drops upon his bier ;
Dear angel woman ! in death's hour
May those thus dear to thee
Find one who'll shed for them a tear,
And kiss them sweet—*for thee !*

MRS. J. R. M'MASTERS.

The following poems are by MRS. JULIA R. M'MASTERS, formerly of Massachusetts, but now of St. Paul, Minnesota.

They are characterized by great strength of thought and beauty of expression, coupled with a tender feeling and delicate fancy, and express with great purity and sincerity the affections which are so natural to the female heart.

MRS. M'MASTERS is a regular contributor to the *Church Journal* and other papers connected with the Episcopal Church, and has also published a volume of poetry, entitled "Silver Pictures," which has met with great favor at the hands of the public. Love and religion are the elements of her song, which, in other words, is saying, the substance of her poetry is of the highest order.

THE SUICIDE.

A storm hung o'er a fearful cliff
Where vultures built their nest,
And thunders rolled with awful beat
Where winds refused to rest.

'Gainst rocks below, with mournful wail,
The foaming waters lashed,
And o'er their roar with blood-red light,
The fearful lightnings flashed.

Upon the brink a maiden stood
With wild and vacant stare,
And shrieking breezes tossed aloft,
Her wildly flowing hair.

She raised her streaming eyes above,
And madly smote her breast!
"Oh, 'mid those dark and angry waves,
My heart can find a rest

"They *told* me he was false—but oh,
I heeded not the tale;
I trusted him, and all is lost,
Within a bark so frail."

She tore her hair in madness fierce,
She shrieked—she wept aloud:
"Past moments! oh what bitter thoughts
Within my heart ye crowd!

"My brain! my brain! it wildly burns—
And *she*—with him—is *glad*!
Oh God—such fearful thoughts as these—
They drive me raving mad!

The earth is full of demon forms—
And full the scorching air—
Ah ha!—they're calling me!—behold
Their fearful eyeballs glare!

Aye—I will come, ye fiends of woe!
Your fires—they burn but dim
To what I suffer here each hour
With burning thoughts of *him*!"

She rushed upon the awful edge,
And paused a moment there,
While fiercer shrieked the mad'ning wind,
And wilder streamed her hair.

With awful plunge, far down below,
She sank beneath the wave,
And surging waters roll above
The poor mad maiden's grave.

Aye! rest thee there, poor broken heart,
Nor those lone caverns haunt;
But calmly sleep, where winds and waves
Thy requiem shall chant.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

Night's curtain dark^l is gently raised,
And rosy-fingered day
Is softly, mildly gazing forth,
Her pathway to survey.

Her bright eyes sparkle in the light,
Her shining hair floats free,
And lays like gold upon each hill,
And cloud, and wave, and tree.

The twinkling stars with sleepy eyes,
Have long since hid their light,
And nestled down to sleep, beside
The dewy couch of night.

The light blue wave that dances there,
Upon the river's breast,
Anon leaps up coquettishly,
Then nestles down to rest.

Sometimes it sings—sometimes it laughs—
And all in play, I think,
It oftentimes steals a truant kiss
From flowers along the brink.

Ah, tiny wave, thou smilest now,
While wooing zephyrs speak,
And warm, bright sunshine stealeth forth
To kiss thy dimpled cheek.

But know'st thou not when storms shall come
And cloud thy bosom o'er,
The very breeze that wooeth thee
Shall dash thee 'gainst the shore?

And thus it is in this sad world,
This world of *sunshine* friends,
When sorrow's clouds our pathway dim,
Their fickle friendship ends.

GO, FORGET ME.

Go, forget me ! let not sorrow
Wreath her chain around thy heart.
Go, forget me ere to-morrow,
For we must forever part.
Go, forget you ever loved me,
Lov'd this heart so sad and lone—
Oh, the thought that thou *didst* love me,
Will teach my voice a sadder tone.

Go, forget me ! let not sadness
Cast her shade upon thy heart.
Go, forget me, and may gladness
Bid its every woe depart.
Go, forget I did not love thee,
On thy dark and lonely way ;
And I'll pray the stars above thee
Guide thee with their purest ray.

Go, forget me ! let not weeping
Dim the brightness of thine eye,
And may never mem'ry, creeping.
O'er thy bosom, call a sigh.

Go, my friend, and cease regretting
O'er a dream and vision vain ;
Go, my friend, the past forgetting,
For we never meet again.

GLORY ON THE GRAVE.

Soft streameth down the moonlight
On cliff, and glen, and wave,
Descending ever softest
On a little grassy grave.
With tenderest effulgence a tide of pallid gold
Down issues, brightly bathing the marble and the
mould
Where my darling lieth lowly,
In a rest serene and holy,
Brow and baby-bosom pulseless, and her innocent
white hands
Making no more gentle gesture,
Fair folded in her vesture,
As pale and pure a presence as any statue stands.
Oh ! where she lowly lieth

My stricken spirit trieth
To await the sweet unfolding of this bitter provid-
ence ;
And now the moonbeam hoary,
With expressive grace and glory,
Mutely passing on her marble, to my soul appealeth
thence.

It resteth on the sculptured stone,
A messenger from the great White Throne ;
It keepeth watch by her gentle side,
As the angels watched when our Lord had died ;
It sitteth still on her little feet,
Like a brooding memory, pale and sweet ;
It lieth along with a fleecy light,
Like her spirit's mantle, dropped in flight ;
It falleth with silver splendor down,
Like a halo shed from her saintly crown ;
It beameth benignly all over the sod,
A smile and a blessing straight from God.

Oh ! streameth soft the moonlight
Where my blessed one low lies,
Like a glorified white angel,
Far leaning from the skies.

Only the moonlight paleth,
Waxeth feebler and then faileth,
And, to cumbered mortal vision, leaveth dark the
grave, and lone,
While the angel watcheth ever,
His vigil faileth never,
For a charge to him is given, concerning that white
stone;
And with Faith's uncumbered vision,
I may see his shape elysian
By that consecrated stone,
Watching ever,
Failing never,
By that lowly, holy stone.

REQUIEM.

Lowly, shining head,
When we lay thee down
With the lowly dead,
Droop thy golden crown!
Meekly, marble palms,
Fold across the breast,
Sculptured in white calms
Of unbreaking rest!

Softly, starry eyes,
 Veil your darkened spheres,
Nevermore to rise
 In summer-shine or tears !

Calmly, crescent lips,
 Yield your dewy rose,
To the wan eclipse
 Of this pale repose !

Slumber, aural shells !
 No more dying, even
Through your spiral cells
 Weaveth gales of heaven.

Stilly, slender feet,
 Rest from rosy rhyme
With the ringing sweet
 Of her silver chime.

Holy smile of God,
 Spread thy glory mild,
Underneath the sod,
 On this little child.

THOUGHTS FROM VISIONS.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth on men."—Job iv, xiii.

Thou holdest mine eyes waking, solemn night!
With all thy clear sidereal fires alight;—
Let bird and zephyr sleep, and folded flower,
I will keep watch with thee, this gracious hour.

I will keep watch with thee, and loose my soul
From earth's fast anchorings and close control,
And soar aloft, and dip my wing in heaven,
And bare my eyes to gleams of glory given.

How calm thou lookest, how serenely, down!
'Twas thus thy primal purple and thy crown
Upheld the wakeful, wonder-lidded eyes
Of them who first walked fair in Paradise.

I will demand of thee, and answer me,
Thou calm suggester of the crystal sea:
Let day's meridian shrink in wan eclipse,
Before the light of thine apocalypse.

What starry altitude of life and love
Awaits me in these radiant realms above?
What golden calms of purity and bliss
Shall follow in that world, the storms of this?

What wondrous beauty shall my form put on
To match the shining shapes around the throne?
What regal impress stamp my brow the while,
A child of God, and walking in His smile?

What heavenly garniture of crown and palm,
What angel minstrelsy of harp and psalm,
What sphered inheritance of fair domain,
Shall make me peer in that resplendent train?

By what bright symbol shall I know that face
First lost, first thrilling to my swift embrace?
By what sustaining strength, what mastering
power,
Shall I endure the rapture of that hour?

In what large language shall I close the throng
Of trembling ecstasies, too fine for song?
What lyric utterance, silver as the spheres,
Shall voice the impassioned eloquence of tears?

In this hushed hour of rapture and repose
Such full, free effulgence my spirit knows ;
And shadows of great thoughts sweep slow along,
Dim yearning to be sculptured into song.

Then, with her robe of grief around her cast,
My soul goes back, a pilgrim, to the past,
With prayerful pauses at each silent shrine,
Where rest the hopes that made those days divine.

The rainbow visions of my sunny youth
Hang sorrow-shaded in the halls of Truth,
Like antique portraitures of heads sublime,
Touched tender with the tawny tint of Time.

And the great grief of my maturer years
Stands draped majestic, too rapt for tears ;
How lies its shadow lengthened on the road
That leads me to the light of heaven and of God !

And, grandly orbiting on my silent soul,
Looms the consummate hour of earth's control ;
Then slow subsides, in that enduring day
Which lifts all darkness from my soul away.

Death, Death, divinest Death! thou meanest Life;
Thou art the avenue to peace from strife;
And oh, dominions, virtues, seraph-fires!
What is the *Life* to which my soul aspires?

Night dies in day: from height on height, afar,
Voice throbs through space, soft-falling like a star,
Responsive from the golden thrones above—
Love, Love, Love—Love is Life and Life is Love.

LEVAVI OCULOS MEOS.

Another day is dying,
And another night replying
 To her speech;
And my listening soul rejoices
In the lesson which their voices
 Softly teach.

One tells how, after sorrow,
The breaking of the morrow
 Bringeth light;
One—how, when toil is ended,
With benedictions blended,
 Falleth night.

One whispers of the slumber
 Of the host no man may number,
 Laid in rest;
 One is a radiant warning
 Of the Resurrection-morning
 Of the Blest.

On man's turmoil and bluster
 Day's cheerful human lustre
 Streameth down.
 Night sitteth, a refiner,
 Displaying her diviner
 Cross and crown.

Their solemn influences
 Steal o'er my spirit's senses,
 Quelling care;
 And I seem to hear evangels,
 Nor walk with shining angels
 Unaware.

I discern a spirit-splendor—
 August, yet O how tender!—
 Through the gloom;

And a sense of breathed blessings,
And of zephyr-soft caressings,
Fills the room.

And as the shadows darken,
I reverently hearken
So to hear
If any silver-dulcet
Dear utterance may pulsate
On my ear.

Is it a floating fancy,
An utter necromancy,
Of the brain?
Is there no solid basis
For this Eden-sweet oasis
I maintain?

When I sometimes sit in musing,
And my idle ear is losing
What is said,
And I seem apart and lonely—
My thoughts are dwelling only
On my Dead.

What is their happy story
 In the tearless climes of glory
 Where they soar?
 I wonder if above me
 They live too far to love me
 As of yore.

Does my little seraph-daughter,
 Playing with the crystal water,
 Me forget?
 Does she never ask another
 Fair angel, "Is my mother
 Coming yet?"

Knows my star-eyed gentle sister
 How mournfully I missed her
 When she died?
 Am I less to her this even
 Than ere she walked in heaven
 Glorified?

All the sainted ones I cherished
 Who have passed away—not perished—
 From my eyes,

Do they in passing, altar?
Does their firm affection falter
In the skies?

Alas! do not they rather
With unuttered yearning gather
Round my fate,
And with love surpassing human,
Regard this erring woman
Desolate?

Do not they hear me praying,
When I after sink away in
Tired sleep?
Does their love compassion borrow,
When infirmity or sorrow
Makes me weep?

When earthly cares embarrass,
Or sad misgivings harass,
Are they near?
Do not they stoop to soften
My dismay, and whisper often—
“We are here”?

And in the bitter hour
When temptation comes with power,

And to stray
Seems flowery-fair, and never
Did the high and pure endeavor
So give way,

Do they see the combat lengthen,
And the angel sent to strengthen
Me, sore spent ?

Do they see the shadow rifted,
And the sweet blue of the lifted
Firmament ?

O, it is Gospel—real,
And *not* a vague ideal
Nothing worth ;—
Or, if it be but dreaming,
Let me rather have such seeming
Than have mirth.

Think ye this world's poor treasures
And painted pomps and pleasures
Charm my days ?
But they are mean and meagre
To my panting spirit's eager,
Upturned gaze.

Or if their bright elations
And shallow fascinations
 Thrall the sense,
For all their specious vaunting,
The heavenly seal is wanting—
 PERMANENCE.

The thought of the Departed
And Beloved and loving-hearted
 Sweeter is,
To my grief-chastened vision
Than what is deemed elysian
 Of earth's bliss.

Then in the race before thee,
With these witnesses bent o'er thee,
 O my soul!
Still faithful, art thou striving,
And by slow degrees arriving
 At the goal?

Dost thou take up each day's burden,
With only Hope for guerdon,
 And, for rest,
The Peace which knowledge passeth,
And which the Spirit glasseth
 In the breast?

Though thou sink beneath this mortal,
And pant to gain the portal
Of thy bliss,
Dost thou, patient, wait in prayer,
Nor, in pining to be there,
Pray amiss ?

Dost thou use and value rightly
God's gift of Life, not brightly
Though it wears ?
And, by love to young and olden,
Prevail to climb the golden
Shining stairs ?

Then may'st thou comfort gather
From God's dear Word, the rather
Thou dost mourn ;
For the new wine of the chalice
To the Poor around His palace
First is borne.

Unlock the sacred treasure,
And see how without measure
He bestows ;
How, to the broken-hearted,
Responsive, His own heart did
Swift unclose.

Hear with what names endearing
He couples His appearing,
 Sweet and strange ;
And, tender howsoever,
They know not, and shall never,
 Chance nor change.

A covert and a tower,
In the day when tempests lower,
 Is thy Lord ;
He is thy Saviour, pleading,
Thy shield, and thy exceeding
 Great reward.

He bids thee call Him brother,
And O there is none other
 Such a friend ;
Though often he reproveth,
Unchangeably he loveth
 To the end.

Though somewhat sharp He chasten,
'Tis only so to hasten,
 Thy divine ;
Those chisel-strokes are needed,
The statue was impeded
 In the mine.

In the shadow of the Valley
Which leads eventually
 To our God,
Sweet comfort flows, not merely
From His staff, but just as clearly
 From His rod.

Take Holiness for beauty,
For happiness take Duty ;
 Be content.
Not this world is thy mansion,
But that serene expansion
 O'er thee bent.

And take, for stimulation,
This heavenly computation
 Of thy store :—
Say, with each morn's upspringing,
Fresh strength for duty bringing,
 One day more.

And with the dew-fall nightly
When sleep descendeth lightly,
 Thee to bless,

If thou hast nobly striven,
Say, with thy heart in heaven,
One day less.

So, thou shalt count as jewels,
The wanings and renewals
Of thy days ;
And twine therefrom a garland,
To offer in the Far Land ;
To His praise.

And, for this thought of *Dying* ;
Tis but a blessed sighing
Into life.

What time the veil is rended,
That same high hour is ended
Toil and strife.

Then, whether calm from trouble,
Or with pain apportioned double,
Let it come !
Why should it so amaze you ?
A pang—or euthansia,
Calls you home.

No sorrow there assaileth,
Nor nothing ever aileth,
 Sharp or rude ;
Inviolat and holy
That sleep is, with the lowly
 Multitude.

Safe hid beneath the cover
Of the wing of God thy Lover,
 In thy bed,—
Awaiting the surprising
And glorious uprising
 Of the Dead.—

Thou and the fair Departed,
The Beloved, the Faithful-hearted,
 Side by side,
Shall slumber, not forsaken,
And in God's likeness waken,
 Satisfied.

H. L. GORDON, ESQ.

HANFORD L. GORDON, was born in the town of Andover, Alleghany County, N. Y., on the 30th day of December, 1836. He is of Scotch descent, his people being descendants of the line of Gordons in Scotland. His father, William B. Gordon, removed to Wellsville, Alleghany County, when he was a very young boy, and at that place he received a very good common school education. His father carried on an extensive lumbering business, which was so general in that part of the State, for many years, and was always averse to his son's trying any other business than his own. A naturally delicate constitution, however, totally unfitted him for anything of the kind, and consequently he started out quite early in life "to paddle his own canoe."

Being given to study he picked up some Latin in select school in Wellsville, and afterwards became his own teacher, and studied Latin, German, French and Spanish, Geometry, History and Law. He began courting the muses about the age of fifteen, and perpetrated some very good articles at that

time. After the death of his mother, which event occurred when he was eighteen, he went to study law with an uncle, Hon. SAMUEL GORDON, at Delhi, Delaware County, N. Y., who was for two terms a member of Congress from his district. His uncle's partner, Hon. J. A. HUGHSTON, then M. C., and now Consul to China, procured for him an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., in 1856. At the time he was to report, however, he was taken very ill, and being unable to attend, sent in his resignation. During the political campaign of 1856, he "stumped" Delaware County for the Republican ticket.

He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, at Ithaca, N. Y., and began the practice of law at Scio, shortly after.

He married in February, 1858, a Miss SYLVIA SMITH, of Ceres, Pa., and in the autumn of 1859, caught the Western fever, and came "out west," travelled sometime through the different States, and finally located at Clearwater, Minnesota.

He cast his first presidential vote for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and when the rebellion broke out he endeavored to induce the "Clearwater Guards,"—militia—of which he was a member, to enlist in the First Minnesota Regiment. Failing to do so, he with a number of others, enlisted in that regiment about the time it was ordered South, and he served in it

at Bull Run and Edward's Ferry. At Bull Run he was taken prisoner and put under guard of two rebels, one of whom he managed to dispose of by means of his musket, which his captors had taken away from him and laid down near a log upon which he was sitting. He then took to flight, ran the gauntlet of bullets and made his escape. He received a shot in his haversack, and the balls whistled all around him, yet he managed to dodge them, and had the pleasure of bringing off a rebel prisoner as trophy of the engagement. He was honorably discharged from service in November, 1861, at Camp Stone, Md., and came home sick with long disease and rheumatism. He engaged in and helped to raise the second Minnesota Battery, and has been untiring in his efforts to promote the cause of the Union.

In 1863 Mr. GORDON was elected County Attorney of Wright County, and removed to the County seat in the spring of 1864, where he is now practicing law.

His verse, though it flows in an easy melodious strain, seems without art. His descriptive articles unite the vivid imagination of the bard with the observing eye of the naturalist, while devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity is conspicuous in all, as becomes the soldier, the patriot and poet.

"NATIONAL HYMN."

Look o'er our happy land—
Sunny plains and mountains grand!—
 Land of the Free!
Stretching from shore to shore,
Where mighty rivers pour;
Free! Free! forevermore!
 God save the free!

Land of the storied dead,
Land where our grandsires bled
 For Liberty!
Land where the poor oppressed
Flock from the east and west,
O, be thou ever blest!
 God save the Free!

Hark! hear the drum and fife!
Ah! see the bloody strife!
 What can it be?
Brothers have broke their word;
Traitors have drawn the sword,
Marshaled a savage horde!
 God save the Free!

Rally! sons of noble men!

Rally in arms again,

From sea to sea.

Draw the forgotten brand;

Strike down the traitor hand!

Strike for your blessed land!

God save the Free!

Break every captive's chain!

Wipe out with blood the stain

Of Slavery!

God's hand is over us;

Forward, ye glorious,

Firm and victorious!

God save the Free!

God of our father's trust,

Almighty, all-wise and just

Thy Majesty.

Still unto Thee we cleave;

O, God, the victory give;

Let our dear country live;

God save the Free!

THE "MINNESOTA FIRST" AT THE BATTLE
OF BULL RUN.

Before the dawn of Sabbath morn,
We heard the winding bugle-horn,
And on the stilly air was borne

The tramp of Cavalry.

Forward the bristling cannon led;
Leaped from their cold, unpillowed bed,
And followed fast with heave tread,
Columns of Infantry.

"*Forward!*" We knew the stern command,
The steady eye—the gleaming brand;
The gallant leader of our band,

Led "Minnesota" forth.

The sun arose, his blaze was hot;
The sighing breezes fanned us not;
O, was that peaceful land forgot—
The prairied North?

Look to the rear—the front—behold
The steady lids of warriors bold,
The burnished scabbard's blaze of gold,
 The flash of bayonet!
But hark! the cannon's pealing sound
Shakes air and forest, flood and ground,
And echoes from the hill-top round.
 The battle-tide is set!

Sweltering beneath that fiery sun,
'Mid clouds of dust, that opening gun
Tells not a fall! Nay, faltered none,
 Our Colonel leads the way.
Forward we rush on "double quick;"
The battle rages hot and thick;
Hark to the roar, the clang and click,
 The shouting, surging fray!

We halt, behold the dusty plain,
The cannon's flash, the scattered slain,
The wounded writhing in their pain,
 The embattled ranks of men!
"On yonder hill," the General cries,
"The rebels' hidden center lies,

And ambushed, all our strength defies
In that infernal den.

My bravest ranks have faltered there."
We do or die—to die we dare!
To drive the tiger from his lair
Rush the "Minnesota First."
"Left, into line!" We leap, we form!
Each eye is *fire*, and *steel* each arm,
When from the wood the leaden storm
Upon our column burst!

Ah, from the forest thick and fast,
Like hail-stones from the autumn-blast,
On us the shower of lead is cast;
The smoke puts out the sun.
"Steady, brave men!" Aye—true as steel,
We answer back the *crack* and *peal*—
The charging foemen *fall*—they reel
And fly—tho' five to one!

Again they rally to the fight,
With double force on left and right,
We meet them still with freedom's might;
They falter—it is *done*!

Nay, from that wood new legions pour
Fresh to the conflict, corps on corps ;
We fall like chaff—O, woe the hour !
The battle's lost and won !

Our army, like a broken tide,
Is flying fast on every side ;
O, where our valor ? Where our pride ?

Brave, BRAVE the worst !
"Rally !" but, nay, our generals yield !
The fate of that dread day was sealed,
But the last that left that bloody field,
Was the "*Minnesota First !*"

THE YOUNG MARINER'S SONG.

Away, away o'er the bounding sea,
My heart is lingering yet ;
Where a bosom free, and a heart of glee
My youthful transport met.

'Twas there, Ah, there, my Mary fair
My forehead gently pressed,
While free as air, without a care,
Rejoiced my love-lit breast.

Ye winds that o'er the billows roam,
With a low and sullen moan,
O, swiftly come to waft me home
To that fair and friendly zone.

For long I have been on the billowy deep—
On the dark, tempestuous sea—
And while I sleep there are those who weep
With affection true for me.

Yea, mother, thou hast feared for me,
When the winds were high and wild;
But Deity, on the bounding sea
Has preserved thy roaming child.

When the storm-god howled with rage and fear,
I have thought of my youthful abode;
I've shed a tear for my mother dear,
For I knew she was praying to God!

Then blow, ye winds, for my quick return,
Let the tempest howl o'er the main,
Let the waters yearn and the lightning burn,
They will hasten me home again.

HURRAH FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

DEDICATED TO THE FIRST REGIMENT MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS, FORT
SNELLING, MAY 27, 1861.

They come, they come, the sturdy and strong,
With hearts that know no fear ;
Behold the march of the martial throng,
And hark to their thundering cheer !
Ha ! the Eagle screams, and the bayonet gleams !
Hurrah for the volunteers !

They come from the forest, the shop and the plow,
The free-born pioneers ;
And you hear the Northmen's solemn vow,
As the cloud of battle nears.
Ha ! the Eagle screams, and the bayonet gleams !
Hurrah for the volunteers !

They form and file at stern command,
As the rebel hosts appear ;
And the rifle aimed with steady hand,
Cries, " Death to the mutineer !"
Ha ! the Eagle screams, and the bayonet gleams !
Hurrah for the volunteers !

Come then, brave men, from the Land of Lakes,
With steady step and cheers,
Our country calls, as the Union breaks,
On the Northwest pioneers !
Ha ! the Eagle screams, and the bayonet gleams !
Hurrah for the volunteers !

CHARGE OF THE "BLACK HORSE."

[At the battle of Bull Run, the rebel Black Horse Cavalry charged upon our wounded and attendants who were gathered together near the battle field. They paid no respect to the green sash (surgeon's emblem,) hung out in plain view. However, they were signally repulsed by the noble men who were ministering to their wounded and dying comrades. This charge and repulse was witnessed by the writer, who has endeavored to give a correct poetical description of that affair.]

Our columns are broken, defeated and fled,
We are gathered, a few, from the flying and dead—
Where the green flag is up, and our wounded remain,
Imploring for water, and writhing in pain.

Lo the blood-spattered bosom—the shot-shattered
limb,
The hand-clutch of fear as the vision grows dim ;
The half-uttered prayer and the blood fettered
breath,
The cold, marble brow—the *calm smile of Death !*

But hark ! hear the shrieks from the field of despair ;
The "Black Horse" are charging the wounded—
see there !

They dash from the wood with a mad victor's pride,
And their blades with the blood of their victims are
dyed !

Their black nettled chargers with long streaming
mane,
Are crushing to dust the cold breasts of the slain ;
With their sabres aloft they came down on our band
Like the hot, rolling clouds of Arabia's sand.

"Down, down with your sabres, the dying are here ;
Let the foemen respect, while the friend sheds a
tear ;
But the merciless butchers were thirsting for blood,
And, yelling with rage, on the bleeding they rode.

"*Stand firm and be ready !*" our brave gallant
few
Have faced to the foe and their rifles are true :
"*Fire !*"—the chargers leap up with a neigh and a
bound,
And their blood-thirsty riders are strewn on the
ground !

The riderless steeds snorting wildly with fear,
Dash away o'er the field in unbridled career,
While the stirrups swing loose and their manes are
all gore
From the mad cavaliers that shall ride them no
more.

Of the hundred so bold that rode down on us there,
But few rode away with the tale of despair ;
Their proud, plumed comrades, so vaunting, alas !
Slept their long, dreamless sleep on the blood-spat-
tered grass.

DOLLARS AND DIMES.

Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !
Ah ! love is purchased with silver and gold,
And peace and pleasure are bought and sold,
And *friendship* is crying open and bold :
Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !

Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !
The hungry beggar is starving for bread ;
He prays for the loan of a crust and a bed ;
The rich man cries, with a shake of his head :
Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !

Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !
The belle, whose heart is longing to wed,
Tho' worth and virtue have often plead,
She lisps with a fashionable toss of the head :
Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !

Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !
The judge, enthroned in his sacred seat,
With never a face or heart to cheat,
Cries, holding the scales of "justice complete":
Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !

Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !
This world is fleeting, prepare for the next ;
The preacher can save your soul, perplexed,
But mark, he asks at the end of his text :
Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes !

DO THEY THINK OF US, SAY ?

Do they think of us, say, in the "far distant West,"
On the prairies of peace, in the vallies of rest?
Are our names on their tongues, and our comfort
their care,

When they kneel to Jehovah and offer a prayer?
On the long dusty march, when the suntide is hot,
O, say, are their sons and their brothers forgot?
At night, all fatigued, on the cold ground we've
lain,

Drenched, drenched to the heart by the merciless
rain,

And yet there stole o'er us the peace of the blest,
For our spirits went back to the land of the West.
When the foemen in hordes in the distance appear,
And we know that the thunder of battle is near;
When forward we rush at the shrill bugle's call,
To the hail-storm of conflict where many must fall;
When the musketry's crack and the cannons' deep
peal

Send their awful response to the flash of our steel,
'Mid the bursting of shell and the hissing of ball,
When our life gushes out—and we stagger and fall;
When the sun settles down on the smoke-shrouded
plain,

And the dead are all pale—and the wounded in pain,
Do they think of us, say, in the "far distant West,"
On the prairies of peace, in the vallies of rest?

THOMAS YARDLEY.

The author of the following poems, Mr. THOMAS YARDLEY, was born in Bucks County, Pa., in 1832. At an early age he developed a poetical talent, which, under more favorable circumstances, might have placed him among the most eminent writers of the day. Circumstances however prevented his application to literary pursuits, and duty called him in another direction.

In 1856 he came to Minnesota, and being pleased with the terraced city of St. Paul, decided to make it his home. He engaged there in the lumber trade, which he carried on with a force and energy peculiar to himself for several years. He was married in 1849 to a lady of Pittsburg, Pa., then on a visit to St. Paul, and at present they are residing at Lock Haven, Clinton County, Pa. Mr. YARDLEY professes himself ardently attached to Minnesota, and designs returning in a short time to the State.

His poems are smooth and melodious in their versification, characterized by great vigor of thought and beauty of expression, giving evidence of the rare gift of genuine song. They have appeared mostly through the medium of the newspapers, but have enjoyed a just and wide-spread popularity.

WAVES FROM THE RIVER OF LIFE

AS IT WELLED UNDER THE ARCHES OF SORROW.

Why so sad for her, who, sleeping,
Smiles upon thee never now?
Would'st awaken her with weeping?
She is happier than thou.

Can'st thou wish her slumber ended
When existence still must be,
As it ever has been, blended
With such crushing misery?

Can'st thou image her reclining
In the Palestine of Peace,
And not check thy fond repining,
Bid thy cherished anguish cease?

Would'st thou bring her from the bowers
Of Elysium above,
Where the angels lead the houris,
And the air she breathes is love;

To be one where all are weary
Who commingle in the strife—
With a mournful miserere—
Of the fearful battle, Life ?

Rather sigh that thou yet livest,
That the seraph smite not thee ;
Know each sacrifice thou givest
Lifts thee nearer Deity.

She is happy, thy lost treasure ;
Is there one alive the same ?
Is there one possessing pleasure
That is perfect but in name ?

None, earth over ! Fear and sorrow
Are our portions while of clay ;
A foreboding of to-morrow,
A forgetting of to-day.

Weep ! There's luxury in weeping
When the heart of grief is full ;
And the dark clouds undercreeping
Make the stars invisible ;

When but God alone can hear us
As we breathe the fervent pray'r

That His spirit, ever near us,
May make light the load we bear.

There's a sanctity in sorrow
More commanding than the air
That the proudest prelates borrow
From the ermined robes they wear.

O, be patient! Life will linger
But a few short seasons more;
Even now the Angel's finger
Turns the tear-marked pages o'er.

Soon the brightest, darkest, saddest,
The oft-prayed-for leaf—the last—
When celestial harps hymn gladdest,
Will have cheered us, chilled us past.

With a sigh for those who love us—
As they mourn that we must sever—
And a godlike glance above us,
We will throw aside forever,

With an anthem of thanksgiving
Whose intensity none know,
This infirmity of living,
This inheritance of woe ;

And rest by Rapture's river—
The Euphrates of the sky—
Whose sweet waters roll forever
Round the isles of Ecstasy.

THE BELLS.

Somehow, on this Sabbath morn,
Thoughts of pain are Pallas-born;
Peace lies sleeping, overworn.

All the melancholy bells
Seem to ring responsive knells
Over dying asphodels.

They should marriage music chime
Through the corridors of Time,
In this gorgeous Northern clime.

They should utter jubilant
Airs of the Millennial chant,
Making life rejuvenant.

But, instead, my silent rooms
Throng with shadows from the glooms
Of the belfries as from tombs

Vistas open down the skies ;
Blessed days departed rise
With their dead before my eyes ;

And like one upon the Nile,
In the moonlight, mile by mile,
I float down the Past ; meanwhile,

Heaving in the dreamy air,
On the water—everywhere—
Preludes of persuasive prayer ;

Gentle, gentle as the breeze
That o'er Syrian olive trees
Murmurs benedicites,

Till my eyes suffuse with tears,
And the Philac of crowned years
Trembles, crumbles, disappears.

Then some Memnon, when I stand,
Touched with sunrise, smites the sand
As with a magician's wand ;

And afar I seem to see
Oases awaiting me
In Sahara's yet to be.

Hap'ly, as, with whispered psalms,
On I press towards the palms
And the cooling countercalms

Of siroccos of the soul,
What supported to the goal
As a mirage may uproll.

Yet he gains who long awaits,
Struggling bravely with the Fates ;
And if what I fancy dates,

Water, welcome as the snow,
Prove phantasmal as I go,
Strength will fail me not, I know,

Till the pilgrimage, begun
Sadly, tearfully, be done,
And the shrine of Mecca won.

Therefore, O, ye bells of day !
Earnest battle-marches play,
Ambushed Troubles guard the way.

To the promised land of ease,
Corsair cares dispute the seas
Of far off Hesperides.

And, with hand upon the glaive,
I would not look back a slave
To the mem'ries of the grave ;

But go forward fearlessly,
Firm of faith and clear of eye,
Prophet-hearted till I die.

FATA MORGANA.

Sheer from the glaciers of the frozen zone,
Bugled and crowned with glitt'ring icicles,
The Storm-Queen comes with thunder drums and
trumpets.
The great stars boldly stride the floor of Heaven,
Naked and laughing ; while in corners crouch,
Huddled together, drowsy with cold,
The shiv'ring constellations. Wildly toils,
His fierce eyes flashing fire, the Northern Bear
Among the cloud drifts, like a bison bull
Baffled 'mid snows of the Wind River mountains.
The dead gods of the Norsemen seem alive,
Rushing tow'rhs Asgard for a mighty wassail ;

And waves of tumult dash against the shore,
From out a sea of darkness, as if all
Valaskialf, the silver house of Odin,
And all Valhalla ran with blood, and skulls
Were brimmed incessant by cup-bearing Ida.

I care not for this royal storm-commander,
Nor for the darkness, nor for all the cold,
Nor all the naked dancing in mid-ether,
To freezing music, of the voiceless planets.
The Allies cannot scale my steep escarpments,
Nor spike my bolts, nor shatter with their cannon.
Rock maple, sycamore, and silver pine,
Prairie and white oak, blaze a stern defiance,
And shield me with a Malakoff of fire.

Slipperd and wrapperd like an Ottoman,
On my divan reclining, I essay
To comfort me with what I find about me,
And what I find not, fashion.

Books which stand
Like turrets, whence the disembodied souls
Of their immortal authors gaze toward Heaven,
Throng round me tipped with sunset; and grand
thoughts,
Winged like the cherubim, swoop from their height,

6*

And fan the dull earth downward, downward, till
My feet uplifted move among the stars.
The vague Morgana deepens. At a word
My unseen servants bow to me, their lord,
And run on king-like errands. Stone by stone,
Silent as Solomon his Temple builded,
They build a palace for me, and retire.
Air-pillar'd are its soft-hued galleries,
And fountain'd halls and vista'd corridors ;
Yet from their walls, festooned with banners, blaze
Effulgent glories of the Vatican :
And through them, in perfected beauty flow,
With gentle undulations, those I love,
Clothed with the robes of immortality.
A rippling murmur follows as they go ;
And fragrance, as of amaranthine groves
Celestial, rises at their feet translucent,
Soft'ning their brightness, as a mountain mist,
A moon rise of Glenhelen. Earnest hopes
Float downward to me from invisible heights
Of possible futures, till the present thrills
With benedictions and with prophecies.
The thunder-clouds of trouble pause afar,
With all their lightning in them ; and I stand

Amid the trophies of victorious battles,
And firm resolves, which buoy me like wings
Through zones of conscious capabilities.

Whole hecatombs of hours I sacrifice
Daily to Hermes, yet the stern god frowns
Till all the sunlight darkens. Pitiless
He points towards my altars, reared to him,
And they pass into nothingness. My heart
Trembles within me till the twilight comes,
And a gate opens to a fairer realm,
And holier, than his—so small, so vast,
So balmy with the music air of Eden,
So shadowy with the trees of Paradise,
So seraph-haunted and so silver-river'd,
That all Aonia cannot vie with it.

The Great Sea, Syria, Assyria,
And the Desert, do lie about this vale'd
And murm'rous Palestine, wherein repose
Spirits serene, harmonious ; while without,
The weary, actual, million-motived men,
Wrestle with shadows of imagined ills.
Mournful, and all pervading, as the roar
Of far off breakers in the star-light, or

As of innumerable multitudes
Beleaguering a city of the sea,
Their cry wails round me, and my cry with theirs.
Soon, when the dawning broadens into light,
And sunrise, burning on the hills of Moab,
Crimsons the cliffs of Judah, must we meet :
And they will conquer :—pointing tow'ards the hills
Derisively, beyond which lies my place :
And harness me to implements whose use
I know not, and grow sick at heart to learn.

Still clash the elemental discords ; still
The hurried marching of defeated Day
Echoes across the battle-field of Night,
Commingling with the shoutings of to-morrow :
And I, a self-crowned king, ruling till morn
Phantoms and incorporeal essences,
Resign my sceptre for an ashen spear,
Shaped like Ithuriel's, but with Iron barbed.

SAINT PAUL.

THERMOMETER FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

Matins are singing from the Romish Mission,
And the faint music radiates afar
Through the dim silence, like those streams elysian,
Which wander voiceless where the angels are.

The starred night startles from her dreams, and
throwing
A robe of mist about her, drinks the air—
Uncertain of the sounds around her flowing—
Then waves her hand and passes elsewhere.

A hush, prelusive of the coming Morning,
Spells the expectant earth, like that which o'er
Awaiting multitudes succeeds the warning
Proclaiming an approaching conqueror.

One after one from countless roofs ascending,
Soft fleeces of white vapor float ; the plains
Ebb off from the uplands, and the river, wending
Vaguely between, distinctive form attains.

My watchtower, as an eagle's rocky eyrie,
Impregnable arises over all ;
Westward, towards Croak-menah, sleeps the prairie
Beneath the terraced city of St. Paul.

Northward, all motionless, extend the highlands ;
Within those undulations quiet lakes
Breathe o'er the shore and intermingled islands
A drapery rarer than the moonlight makes.

Slowly the smoke, columnar shapes assuming,
Creeps upward through the gloaming to the sky ;
And the fair shafts, all pearly, illuming
The vaulted architraves, stand gloriously—

Immaculate as the marble the first master
Sculptured from steep of Mount Pentelicus—
Colossal as the pillars Zoroaster
Beheld—of fire—surrounding Hespereus.

How beautiful they are, serene, supernal,
O'erdomed with jasper, pedestaled on snow ;
A gorgeous temple, such as the Eternal
Builded ere Judah's awful overthrow.

Far-reaching chambers gleam from floor to ceiling,
From glit'ring capitals the frost depends ;
Resplendent vistas woo the eye, revealing
Far aisles ; magnificent the sun ascends.

Untouched by artisans, the wind creation
Has risen like the Theban places,
Whose every stone, from turret to foundation,
Thrilled into places at Amphion's harmonies.

Immortal companies adown the distance
To unheard music marching do I see,
And with them the beloved who made existence
A blessing and a song of praise to me.

But not a whisper ne'er soever lonely
Crosses those icy corridors. In vain,
In vain the yearnings of my soul ! unholy
They sink despairing to their depths again.

Tears dim my eyes ! and of a sudden trembling
Among the columns I become aware ;
A roar of wind, swift waving wings resembling,
And the strange pageant crumbles into air.

THE OCCULTATION OF A LIFE.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Another shrine is dim !
Another altar desolate ! Another star
Hath passed into sublime regions ; seraphims
Enthroned around it are.

Another light hath died
From out the world, and left a waste of gloom,
And mourners weeping bitterly beside
A consecrated tomb.

Who shall breathe the comfort now ?
What music linger sweetly ? Who that weaves
Garlands of blossoms for the bridal brow,
Shall braid the cypress leaves ?

What sympathy can ope
The empty chambers of a troubled heart,
And touch the darkness with a wand of hope,
And say to it, " Depart !"

What words can cool the brain,
Or make the eyelids, heavy with their tears,
Lift up to drink the dawn of peace again,
Which breaks through coming years?

Alas! we can but pray
That she who was so beautiful, and crowned
With all the elements of glory, may
Extend her arms around,

And raise you up to her.
We feel with you the majesty of woe,
And tread in awe her court-yards, holier,
Waiting our turn to go

Into her presence. All,
Aye, all have heard the summons, or must hear.
It may be blessings from her lips will fall,
Even beside the bier.

We strengthen in the trust,
That of this withering of our hearts at morn,
This crumbling of our idols into dust,
A rapture may be born—

Far off, perchance, but sure;
For He who smiteth, loveth us, saith :

That if in faith the evil we endure,
We shall not taste of death.

Hark, and a voice shall come
Far downward through the fathomless abyss,
O, Heaven, to woo us sweetly to a home
More beautiful than this :

And islands of the Night,
As we glide silently from shore to shore,
Entrance us with effulgency of light
That floats the darkness o'er.

HEREAFTER.

Serenely shine the stars to-night ;
The clouds flock homeward, fleecy white ;
Care drifteth seaward, out of sight.
Low-murmuring hamadryads,
On one and on the listening trees,
Breathe gentle benedictes.

The silence thrills from East to West,
Presentient of some unexpressed
Sweet whisper, until now at rest ;
Some whisper whose melodious wings
Stir the heart's ether, ere there rings
A ripple over sensuous things.

From West to East, along its track
Of air aquiver, travels back
My soul, in search of what I lack ;
In search, therefore, of tender eyes,
Brimmed with all-welcoming surprise,
Delighting mine with their replies—

In search of her who patiently,
In God's good time, whene'er it be,
Somewhere on earth awaiteth me ;
Whose prayer, perchance, this summer eve
For me ascending into heaven,
The night its holy calm hath given.

Altho' we meet not, and have met
It may be never,—sometime yet,
Ere many suns have risen and set,
Our paths shall cross and counter-cross,
The rocks withdraw beneath the moss,
Our gain be more than all our loss.

Thence, through all coming time, and through
Cycled eternity, the two
Imperfect lives perfect the new.
Her spirit spells the atmosphere ;
The voice I feel but cannot hear
Her's surely must be, hovering near.

For brighter ripples break the shore
Than ever touched the sands before ;
More affluent constellations pour
Rivers of silver o'er hill,

And lake, and valley ; and a still
Pervading Presence seems to fill

The mooned midnight, utterly.
O, for prophetic eyes to see
One instant through Futurity !
Come morning ! from the unknown land
I am re-strengthened to withstand
The pressure of thine iron hand.

The words of thy metallic lips
Cannot, though thunder spoke, eclipse
This hour's divine apocalypse.
Thy finger, pointing motionless
To cliffs my bleeding feet must press,
Will chill me daily less and less,

Henceforth, forever ; for I know
Not alway will the drifted snow
Obstruct the weary way I go ;
But I shall, with peace-sandals shod,
Walk where the tosselated sod
Is green beneath the smile of God.

THE OPEN OCEAN.

'Tis night and cold :—
A terrible night that has lasted years.
No clouds uplift
Where I saw the dawn in the times of old.
No star appears
O'er the desolate waste wherein I drift.

Like an Arctic ship—
With a riven sail and a shattered mast—
Among the floes,
And the grinding bergs from whose summits slip
Reverberant avalanches past,
My sinking soul to the northward goes.

O, for an open sea !
Beyond the ice and beyond the snow,
And the glacier's glare ;
Wherein some island of peace may be ;
And softly flow
The invisible rivers of the sunlit air.

Lord of the earth and sky !
Of the weary thousands who sail the sea,
And those who walk the land !
Scatter the gloom with thy lightning eye,
And strengthen me
Till I in the blessed Harbor stand.

HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY was born in Philadelphia, in 1831. In that city he had every educational advantage that could be desired, together with the social advantages of a cultivated and graceful society. He graduated from the High School of Philadelphia at the age of nineteen, with high honors, and immediately commenced the study of law. He was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1853, and immediately commenced practice in that city, devoting himself with assiduity to his profession, which insured him success.

He was married in September, 1855, to Miss KATE McCaffrey, a native of Philadelphia, and Principal of one of the Public Schools of that city, and continued to reside in Philadelphia until May, 1857, when he decided to remove to Minnesota. Becoming interested at Nininger, Dakota County, he concluded to make that place his home, and very soon identified himself with its interests and history.

Long before coming West, Mr. DONNELLY had espoused the principles and standard of the Repub-

lican party, and was well known as one of its rising and most efficient leaders. At the Republican Convention, held at St. Paul, in 1859, he was nominated for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and in October was elected, together with the other Republican candidates by a large majority. In October, 1861, he was re-elected to the same office, and served with fidelity and marked ability to the entire satisfaction of the people, which they exhibited in a most satisfactory manner by electing him to Congress in November, 1862. He was again a candidate in 1864 for the same position, and was re-elected by a largely increased majority.

Mr. DONNELLY is a man of ardent temperament, amiable and affectionate. His manners are simple and unaffected, his attachment to his friends, strong and sincere. He possesses a lively imagination, and a fund of playful humor, the extent and force of which none but his intimate friends can realize. He is a ripe and good scholar, and his intellectual accomplishments alone would entitle him to great consideration. In all his public life, he evinces a firm reliance upon great and enduring principles, and ardent and spontaneous as they are, they are tempered by a deep concern for the permanent interests of the State, and a profound regard for the well-being of his fellows. A fundamental principle is always stronger than any man, and by building

faith and firm reliance upon it, the man shall receive a portion of its strength, and see through the mists of the hour, the future to which it leads. He is one of those men whose influence will yet be potent and controlling. As a public speaker, Mr. DONNELLY is argumentative, concise, often poetic and impassioned, and there is an unaffected earnestness of conviction and profound heartiness of purpose in his efforts, which commend them to all.

In answer to our request for some specimens of his poetical compositions, Mr. DONNELLY says, "I am no poet, and have not indulged in anything that can be called poetry for many years; but if the enclosed scraps and fragments are of any value to you whatever, they are heartily at your service." The articles presented have nothing crude or boyish in them, but possess both delicacy of sentiment and beauty of expression, which cannot but be appreciated.

We have been permitted also to insert in our work a few articles from the gifted pen of Mr. DONNELLY's sister, Miss ELANOR C. DONNELLY, which are marked by a power of delineation and graceful versification, that strikes the reader at once with admiration, and betrays an elevation of thought and expression, which are interesting proofs of a talent of high order.

AN ATTEMPT AT ALBUM VERSES.

I've tried it in two or three measures ;
I've set it to more than one air ;
I've hunted all rhyme for its treasures,
And my muse is almost in despair.

There's the case of those *burglars*,—poor creatures ;
There's a writ of *ejectment* or two !
And—anon—Rose's beautiful features :—
And what,—bless my soul !—shall I do ?

I can't raise enough inspiration
To get up a passable verse,
And to fall into sheer adoration
Would only be making it worse.

And yet that fair face,—bless its smiling,—
So gentle,—so genial,—so true ;
And those eyes with their lovely beguiling,
Where goodness and kindness look through.

If the love of God ever falls lightly,
Like sunshine on beauty and truth,
Oh long may it hallow thee brightly,
And keep thee, as now, in thy youth.

Oh may thy path ever be sunny ;
Oh may thy skies ever be blue ;
Oh may'st thou have plenty of money,
And little or nothing to do.

And then in the search of enjoyment,
Oh may'st thou in *law* find thy bliss,
And give thy dear friend an employment
He'll relish much better than this.

OUR FLAG.

On, stripe and star ! On, stripe and star !
Pointing the path of the first in war.
Where thou art seen is victory seen ;
Where thou hast been hath glory been ;
And the mighty stars, and the grand blue sea,
And the red blood of triumph are met in thee.

LINES TO MRS. E. L.

UPON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD.

Sweet face, sweet form, sweet lips, and eyes that shone
With their pellucid depth of radiant light ;
O, wretched death ! could nought suffice ? could none
But this dear little one appease thy spite ?

Were there no lillies in the perfumed field !—
No blossoms on the tree,—no fruit,—no bloom—
But thou must gather on thy gloomy shield
Youth, beauty, love and sweetness for the tomb ?

Praise be to God who made th' immortal soul !
Lark-like it soars above thy vengeful dart ;
Lark-like it sings, even while the death-bells toll—
Sings where thy cruel mockeries have no part.

And then, in new, strange guises of great light ;
In beauty making tame earth's loveliness ;
There shall you meet,—there shall you re-unite,
When earth is past, and all its wretchedness.

Around thy neck its tendril arms shall cling,
Never to part,—never be torn away ;
O'er thy commingled love our God shall fling
The tender radiance of eternal day.

Who would call back, from out the silent grave,
That sweet-limbed form again to conscious life ?
Or wake that mind, hushed 'neath oblivion's wave,
To all the cold world's bitterness and strife.

Ah, no ! The flowers that deck his little bier
Are emblems fit how frail and weak we are.
Look up ! his spirit, in heaven's highest sphere,
Shines in perpetual glory like a star,—

Shines in those constellations manifold,
Circling in worlds of light the great white Throne.
Be comforted ! be comforted—behold !
And say, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done."

WINTER DAWN.

The pale faced dawn, like a shepherd chi'd,
Goes out o'er the moorlands bleak and wild ;
Lonely and cold and half asleep,
And pausing ever to stand and weep.

A DESCRIPTION.

Not the great, gaudy presence and rude charms,
That kept, of old, contending camps in arms—
But delicate in figure, face and mind,
Formed to enchant and civilize mankind;
All the fine attributes of soul to move,
And fill the measure of fastidious love.
Here learning's light grows brilliant in dark eyes;
Here beauty's lips teach wisdom to the wise;
Here antique truths fall freshened from the tongue
Of one whose life is pure, whose heart is young.
As when the Chinese shade's raised figures stand,
Wrought almost perfect by the artist's hand,
And yet uneven, callous, cold and dull
Till the bright taper fills them, clear and full:
So woman's face, moulded by skill divine,
Graced with angelic beauty in each line,
But meaningless and soulless, meets the sight
Till intellect comes fresh'ning it with light;
And then, ah! then, each feature teems with grace,
Mind, softened mind, looks saint-like from the face;
In each sweet, dimpled smile the light lies caught,
And in the deep eyes dwell whole worlds of thought.

RIZZIO TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Remember, dear, remember,
That one fond, fond heart, to thee
Looks with the last long look of hope
Up from its agony;
That doubts and fears, and woes and strife,
Now at the shaking gates of life
Storm fearfully.

Though from the gazer's lifted glass,
The night and all its glories pass;
Still, with returning eve, his eye
Seeks confident his star on high,
And smiles to see its twinkling light
Shine to him through the wide, wide night.

So in this darkened world of woe,
Of gloom above and grief below,
My heart looks up, looks up to thee—
Looks up and hopes perpetually.
It will not doubt, it cannot fear,
But thou in light wilt re-appear;

And as o'er heaven that little star
Comes bright and glorious from afar,
So wilt thou come, my own, my own,
And fill all heaven with thee alone.

LINES TO A MUSICAL FRIEND.

Some women's tempers are *soprano*, dear—
High, shrill and shrieking;
Some are *contralto*, sinking low and clear—
All gentlest kindness speaking;
But in thy temper mingles both these voices,
And perfect in their harmony rejoices:
Now Hebe—calm; now roused to wrath—Diana;
The world's rare, perfect-toned *mezzo-soprano*;
Kind to the kind,—tartaric to the evil,—
Angel to love, and unto hate—a devil!

"MISSING."

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old ground,
And the wind, and the birds, and the limpid brook

Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound :—
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,

With his pale cheek pressed to a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadows cross

Thro' the flickering fringe of the willow ?

Who lies, alas !

So still, so chill, in the whispering grass ?

A soldier, clad in the Zouave dress,

A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,

And the other clutching his pulseless heart—
Lies there in the shadows cool and dim,

His musket brushed by a trailing bough ;
With a careless grace in his quiet limbs,

And a wound on his manly brow :

A wound, alas !

Whence the warm blood drips on the pleasant grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
 With a tearful dew in their great, pure eyes ;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
 Their pale lips full of sad surprise ;
And the lizard darts thro' glist'ning fern,
 And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary ;
Strange birds fly out, with a cry, to bathe
 Their wings in the sunset glory,
 While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face on the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
 With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
 While the lover is walking in Paradise !
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
 And the long drear nights of her vigil follow ;
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
 May breathe the tale of the hollow !
 Alas ! Alas !
The secret is safe with the woodland grass !

MORE NURSES.

Fold away all your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels to-day,
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid back in a serious way ;
No more delicate gloves, no more laces,
No more trifling in *boudoir* or bower,
But come with your souls in your faces,
To meet the stern wants of the hour !

Look around ! By the torch-light unsteady,
The dead and the dying seem one—
What ? trembling and paling already,
Before your dear mission's begun ?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly,
Fame presses her lip to each scar,
While she chants of that glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside. How mellow
The light showers down on that brow !
Such a brave, brawny visage ! Poor fellow !
Some homestead is missing him now ;

Some wife shades her eyes in the clearing,
Some mother sits moaning, distress'd,
While the loved one lies faint and unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another ; a lad—a mere stripling,—
Picked up on the field almost dead,
With the blood thro' his sunny hair rippling,
From a horrible gash in the head.
They say he was first in the action ;
Gay-hearted, quick-handed and witty,
He fought till he dropp'd with exhaustion
At the gates of that far Southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years—
Lift him up in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears.
Touch him gently ; most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor, shattered hand !
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for his land !

Who groaned ? What a passionate murmur !
“ In thy mercy, O God ! let me die ! ”

Ha ! surgeon your hand must be firmer,
That musket-ball's broken his thigh.
Turn the light on those poor furrowed features,
Gray-haired and unknown ?—bless thee, brother !
O Heaven ! that one of thy creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another !

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief,
Let the old tattered collar go wide ;
See—he stretches out blindly to search if
The surgeon still stands by his side.
“ My son's over yonder—a rebel—
'Twas—'twas *his* ball that entered my thigh ! ”
And again he bursts out, all a tremble :
“ In thy mercy, O God ! let me die ! ”

Pass on : it is useless to linger,
While others are claiming your care ;
There is need for your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy there.
There are sick ones athirst for caressing,
There are dying ones raving of home,
There are wounds to bind up with a blessing—
And shrouds to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of Death in its ghastliest view ;
The nearest as well as the farthest,
The traitor as well as the true.

And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter, nor shrink from your part.

Up and down thro' the wards where the fever
Stalks noisome and gaunt and impure,
You must go with your steadfast endeavor
To comfort, to counsel, to cure.
I grant you the task's superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for these dear ones what woman
Alone in her pity can do.

And the lips of the mothers will bless you,
Our angels, sweet-visaged and pale !
And the little ones run to caress you,
And the wives and the sisters cry " Hail !"
And e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter ? God's ways are the best,—
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
And *He* will take care of the rest.

THE TWILIGHT FAIRY.

When the lights of the autumn noon flicker and fade,
And the gloaming comes solemnly down—
A fair little face on my bosom is laid,
Half hidden in tresses of brown.
Two shining arms circle my neck in their play,
Sweet words from the merry lips blow—
The old fire crackles—the dim shadows sway,
And the wind at the lattice is low.
And brushing the hair from the pure, childish brow,
And hushing the sweet-singing tongue,
I tell of the mother who died long ago—
When the years of my manhood were young :
How she lay mid the pillows, divested of bloom,
With her thin fingers crossed on her breast—
While the wind, like a Banshee, wailed into the room,
And the sun-flush went out in the west ;
How the nurse in the twilight brought softly to me,
The babe of my beautiful dead—
The gay little fairy who sits on my knee,
And lists to the words that are said.
And I tell how I caught her and tenderly laid

Her head on my bosom as now—
While the old fire crackled, the dim shadows swayed,
And the wind at the lattice was low.
And the lips of my darling grow rosy with smiles
When I speak of the baby in white—
With its fat, foolish fingers, and wonderful eyes—
Crushed down on my bosom that night;
But the thought of the mother who sleeps in the
years,
Seems something so softly divine,
That the eyes of my darling grow misty with tears,
And her little heart throbs against mine.
Thus we sit in the twilight uncertain and vast—
While the embers drop down at our feet,
And we talk of the future, the present, the past,
In a monotone tender and sweet.
The portrait that hangs o'er the dim mantle-shelf,
With hair, round the girlish face blown,
Smiles down on that miniature type of itself,
And on me—as we sit there alone.
And I think, yes, I think of that pitiful day,
When these beautiful twilights must end—
When the fire will crackle, and shadows will sway,
But my fairy will miss her old friend !

When the seat at the fireside vacant shall be,
And the lips from their legends shall rest—
When the light form shall slip from the weary old
knee,
And the head from the weary old breast!
Oh, the roses and grass-flowers out of my clay,
'Neath the breath of the spring shall be blown—
But who will take heed of my darling that day,
When she weeps in the silence alone?

THE MIRACLE OF THE LEPER.

A LEGEND OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my least brethren, ye did it unto me."

Back from the chase returned, (his knightly suite
Lagging behind from weariness and heat,
And in their sturdy silence, as they came,
Bending beneath the weight of hard won game,)
Dust on his doublet, languor in his tread,
The velvet cap doff'd from his noble head—
Duke Louis crossed the threshold first of all,
And met his mother in the outer hall—
A stately Duchess, dark and scornful-eyed.
She caught his hand and hurried him aside,

And, with an angry lip and lowering brow,
"Listen!" she cried; "I've that to tell thee now—
I've that to show thee, which shall arouse
Thy just and lawful ire against thy spouse;
For thine Elizabeth this day hath done
A deed which doth disgrace us both, my son."

Worn, as he was, and wearied nigh to death,
And loving, as he did, Elizabeth,
Duke Louis, while his fair cheek scarlet burn'd,
Scorning her words, withdrew his hand and turn'd
As though to go; but she, too, flushing red,
"Dost doubt the tale? Then come with me she
said;"
"Come," (with a bitter smile,) "and thou shalt see
The one thy wife loves better far than thee."
So by the hand his unwilling steps she led
Unto his room—unto his nuptial bed;
And, pausing, whisper'd to the startled Duke:
"Now look, my son! by thy fair knighthood, look!
Whilst thou wert at the chase, thy childish bride,
(Whose saintly whims and lack of proper pride
Made her at once the scandal and the sport
Of all the lords and ladies of the court,)—
Whilst thou wert gone, I say, she and her maid

Hugo, the leper, to this room conveyed,
Cleansed his foul sores, his loathsome palate fed,
Anointed him, and *laid him on thy bed!*
Aha! thou frownest! Dost thou doubt me now?"
The Duke was flush'd with shame from throat to
brow,

Saint as he was, (for Heaven only knew
How pure his knightly soul, his faults how few,)
And dearly as he loved his little wife
For her sweet charities and austere life,
Yet did *this* deed of mercy she had done
Seem to him a most imprudent one.
'Twas not in knighthood to repress the ire
Which knit his brow and lit his eye with fire,
As, stepping back, by angry impulse led,
He quickly raised the curtains of the bed.

Oh Love divine! the sight which there he view'd
His flashing eyes with tenderest tears subdued;
His cheek grew white, his heart tumultuous throb'd,
And his proud mother hid her face and sobb'd.

No wretched Hugo slumber'd softly there—
No leper foul with sores and matted hair—
But, mild and meek, with fair arms open'd wide,

With head bow'd meekly, JESUS CRUCIFIED
Upon the silken couch discovered lay,
The fresh blood dropping from His wounds away !
" Oh, spouse !" the young Duke said, for at his side
His wife was standing—" Oh, my saintly bride !
Oft to such guests, I pray thee, yield my bed,
And may our Lord rain blessings on thy head !"

Then, while his Duchess mother stood dismay'd,
Down on his knees Duke Louis fell and prayed :

" O Lord, my God ! whom earth and Heaven praise !
Be merciful to one unfit to gaze
Upon the awful secrets of Thy power,
Made manifest in this tremendous hour !
Gracious and good and loving as Thou art,
Make me a man according to Thy heart ;
And in her life, O Lord, and in her death,
Bless Thou my spouse, my sweet Elizabeth !"

MISS EMILY H. BUGBEE.

Miss EMILY HEWETT BUGBEE was born in Pomfret, Vt., in 1840. Her advantages were such as could be obtained at any of the good common schools of New England, all of which, at times, take on the dignity of algebra and the classics; and, being fond of study, she maintained a high rank in scholarship, and became conspicuous, also, for her talent in composition.

In the autumn of 1855 she came to Minnesota with her brother, her parents following them the ensuing spring. She had contributed some slight effusions to several eastern papers before coming to Minnesota, after which she wrote for the St. Paul papers, at the same time becoming a regular contributor to the *New York Tribune* and *Graham's Magazine*. Miss BUGBEE was married in 1860, to Mr. F. A. MOORE, of the *La Crosse Republican*, and has since resided in La Crosse, Wis.

Mrs. MOORE is a graceful writer, and has written many effusions that exhibit an elevation of thought and expression which indicate a fertile imagination and fine poetical talent.

1

FAITHFUL.


'Twas a balmy day in the young spring-time,
When the grass was growing up;
When merrily pledging the passing cloud,
The violet raised her cup.

We had climbed the hills, my love and I;
We paused on the shelving rocks,
And the bold wind kissed her smiling mouth,
And played with her golden locks.

Down at our feet the city lay,
And the river broad and free,
Flecked here and there by a gleaming sail,
Rolled silently toward the sea.

We heard the tones of the Sabbath bells
Come up on the fitful breeze,
And an oriole warble his mellow song,
Above in the dark pine trees.

My love looked down on the calm, sweet scene,
And out to the dim blue sea :



Her face grew bright as an angel's face
As she turned and said to me—

“ As long as a soul in the thousands there
Gives heed to the Sabbath bell,
As long as the river flows to the sea
I will love thee, Henrich Dell !”

* * * * *

Ah ! forty swift years have passed away,
The golden brown locks are white ;
The fervid glory of life's full noon,
Has changed to a silvery night.

The church-bells are ringing a vesper call,
The river flows on to the sea,
And sitting close up to my peaceful heart
My love is still true to me.

"MISSING."

Not among the suffering wounded ;
Not among the peaceful dead ;
Not among the prisoners. "MISSING"—
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until through her painful tears
Fades the dear name she has called him
For these two and twenty years.

'Round her all is peace and plenty ;
Bright and clean the yellow floor ;
Thickly the gay "morning glories"
Cluster 'round the kitchen door.

Soberly the sleek old house-cat
Drowzes in his patch of sun ;
Neatly shines the oaken dresser ;
All the morning's work is done.

Through the window comes that fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragment songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn.

And the rich breath of the garden
Where the golden melons lie,
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine,
Leaning in her easy chair,
With soft lines upon her forehead,
And the silver in her hair ;

Blind to sunshine, dead to fragrance,
On that royal harvest morn—
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
Of her noble-browed first born—

How he left her in the spring-time,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footstep,
With his lithe and supple frame—

How with tears his eyes were brimming
As he kissed a last "good-bye,"
And then went bravely whistling
Down the pathway through the rye.

Missing ! Why should he be missing ?
He would fight until he fell ;

And if wounded, killed, or pris'ner,
Some one there would be to tell.

Missing ! Still a hope to cheer her !
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor army shouting !
With the clamor of the drum !

So through all the days of autumn—
In the eve and in the morn—
She will hear his springing footsteps
In the rustling of the corn.

Or she will hush the household,
While her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling,
In the pathway through the rye.

* * * * * * *

Far away through all the autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade—
In the dreary desolation
That the battle-storm has made—

With the rust upon his musket,
In the eve and in the morn,
In the rank gloom of the fern leaves,
Lies her noble-browed first-born.

SUPERSEDED.

Baby ! (still I call thee " baby.")

Baby, set adrift so soon—

Pushed right out into the daylight,

From the shades of life's new morn !

Hither, in thy chubby plumpness,

Scarlet mouth and eight white teeth ;

Lift thine own old cradle cover,

What dost see there underneath ?

Wriggling mass of wrinkled redness,

Squirming hands and squirming feet !

Well mayst thou retreat in terror,

But it ends not here, poor sweet !

This is thy illustrious brother,

Come to take thy sceptre now,

Ere thy sixteen months have chased the

Baby graces from thy brow.

He is now enthroned the monarch,

All the house must bow to him,

Floy must be our little lady,

Bravely crush each baby-whim,

See the monarch in *her* cradle,

Hushed by mamma's lullaby.

Yield him up her precious playthings,

Without one rebellious cry.

Shameful ! yes—to turn the darling
From her rightful nest so soon—
Just like grafting battle marches
Into some old nursery tune.
Mamma's love must do it gently—
Sugar-coat the bitter pill—
Keep a place for little lady,
In her heart's warm cradle still.

A SHADOW.

The moon shines thro' the window pane,
From the proud evening skies,
Sending a gold light to your hair,
And bright stars to your eyes.
Your cheek is fair and soft, Estelle,
Your heart is young and light ;
There are none so happy in all the land
As we two, dear, to night.
A century, and where will be
This life, this youth, this love ?
In a sunken grave beneath a tree,
With a crumbling stone above.
And lovers will stand as we stand, and sigh,
In life's unclouded dawn ;
And the same calm moon will be smiling down
As she smiled in the ages gone.

JULIA A. A. WOOD.

JULIA A. A. SARGENT is the daughter of EZEKIEL and EMILY A. SARGENT. She is a native of New London, N. H., a beautiful little village, situated at the foot of Kearsarge Mountain; and, environed by lakes and hills, and green valleys, the site is one of unsurpassed loveliness. The picturesque surroundings of the place of her nativity doubtless contributed much to that ardent and poetic temperament for which Miss SARGENT, from her earliest years, has been distinguished, among those who have intimately known her, and the unwavering love of the "beautiful and true," which is evinced in all her writings. Her education was thorough, even for New England, where thoroughness of literary culture is the prime object of instructors. After leaving the primary schools,

she was four years at the academy of New London, where she became a proficient in the Latin and Greek authors read by students in New England colleges, and in all the higher branches of mathematics. From New London she was removed to Charleston Seminary, Mass., where she remained one year, devoting most of her time to French and Italian, drawing and painting. Her talent for writing was early manifested. She was a frequent contributor to various newspapers in New Hampshire at the age of fourteen, and wrote various tales and sketches for the papers during her academic studies.

In 1849 Miss SARGENT was married to Hon. WM. HENRY WOOD, of Greensburg, Ky. During her brief sojourn in Kentucky she was an occasional contributor to the *Saturday Courier*, Philadelphia, and the *American Union*, Boston. In 1851 Mr. WOOD removed to Sauk Rapids Minn., where he was appointed U. S. Receiver of Public Moneys. Here, in 1861, Mr. and Mrs. WOOD established the *Sauk Rapids New Era*, a weekly newspaper, Mrs. W. editing the literary department with that taste and modesty of pretensions which have characterized all her literary efforts. She continued her connection with the *New Era* one year, during which time she published a series of sketches which were read with avidity, entitled "Life in the

Woods." Her first contributions in prose, from her new home in Minnesota, in 1851, appeared in *Arthur's Home Gazette*, since merged in the *Home Magazine*, under the head of "Letters from the Far West." These letters were extensively copied by eastern journals, and did much towards calling attention to the fertile prairies, broad lakes and noble rivers of the then new Territory of Minnesota. With her exuberance of fancy and romance, her new home in the West pleased her. She was fascinated with its then rude surroundings. The Ojibway's wigwam, the Winnebagos' "harvest dance," the eagle feather, and wampum, the distant whoop of the hated Sioux, on the war path, seeking revenge on his traditional enemy—the Chippewa—instead of diminishing, strengthened her love for her early home at Sauk Rapids. She found in them themes for poetry and story; and Minnesota, through all its vicissitudes, since her residence on the banks of its greatest river, has been to her a "charmed word." She is now a regular contributor to *Arthur's* and *Peterson's Magazines*.

The poems of Mrs. WOOD include almost every variety of subject, and are characterized by harmonious measure, together with great powers of expression, and there is a charm in her verse which none but the liveliest imagination could win.

QUESTIONINGS OF A CHILD.

To-night, I sang, at twilight gray,
 The songs I used to sing
Unto my babes, when closing day
 Was folding down her wing.
Of little forms I used to clasp,
 Two slumber in the tomb ;
One boy is left alone, whose cheek
 Doth wear its fifth May-bloom.
He sits within his little chair,
 Drawn close mine own beside,
And prattles soft, my darling fair,
 Of those dear ones that died ;
And asks me, with sweet lips of love,
 And eye that's flowing o'er,
If they have pleasant homes above,
 And playthings on the floor.
Say, mamma dear, does little Grace
 Lead Willie by the hand ?
And walk they in that shining place
 So beautiful and grand ?

And do they ever think of me ?

And doesn't Gracie cry—

And little Willie too—to be

With papa, ma, and I ?

Oh ! if we fix a swing to-day,

And let it reach the sky,

Would they come down ? But ah ! you say

That they have wings to fly.

Why don't they come ? I wish they could—

And laugh with me and play,

I'd let them have my toys—I would—

Oh ! won't they, mamma, say ?

If Grace, a great long stick should take,

And with the bright moon play,

And if she spoiled it—would God make

Dear Gracie go away ?

And does she pick up twinkling stars

To fill her little pail—

As she and I the pebbles picked

Last spring, down in the vale.

You say I was a baby-child

When Willie went away,

And that I bent down low and smiled,
And kissed his lips of clay.

But I remember darling Grace—
My little sister fair—
Her eye was like the blue, blue heaven,
And brown, like mine, her hair.

How very much I long to see
Those dear ones in the sky;
Oh mamma dear, do pray for me,
That God will make me die!

For I have none to play with me—
Papa would be with you—
Then Willie, Grace and I should be
All in that sky of blue.

If they are happy, more than here,
May I not too, be so?
You hurt my soul, Oh, mamma dear,
When thus you say: No, no!

So prattled on my darling dove;
I clasped him to my heart—
Oh thus we will be folded, love,
In heaven—no more to part!

There came a light with glory riven,
Fled all the twilight gray—
An angel-wing clove the broad even',
Adown the heavenward-way.

The angel, Hope, that girds the low
Dark clouds around us hung—
The angel, Hope, whose music flow
Each human heart hath sung.

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes, in the night, I see
A little hand outstretched to me—
A dimpled hand, whose snowy whiteness
Doth bear to Parian marble likeness—
Which, when I spring to clasp in mine,
Evanishes without e'en a sign.

Sometimes when the daylight closes,
When the air wears tint of roses,
Gleameth out from upper sea,
Radiant visions unto me—
Visions pure and full of grace
Of my darling's angel-face.

'Midst winds low, solemn dirges,
'Midst the murmur of life's surges,
Sometimes comes a voice of sweetness,
Most divine in its completeness—
Voice that long since died to me,
In my night of agony.

Oh, loving voice, and form, and hand !
Oh, vision from the shadowy land !
Sometime, o'er the silent sea,
God shall waft me unto thee.
In sweet pastures ever vernal,
'Neath soft skies that are eternal,
He will give thee back to me,
Child of my idolatry.

Therefore do I list—" Be still—
Bow unto the Father's will ;
Jewel thou hast given to him
That our own earth-life would dim ;
Soft her blue eyes o'er thee keep
Angel-watches—do not weep :"

As I walk life's breadths and alleys,
Walk its uplands and its valleys,

Weary, hoping, or repining,
Comes this light through darkness shining.
How rough soe'er the hither tide,
She's safely on the other side—
Safe *she* dwells in the Above—
SAFE within our Father's love.

HER BIRTHDAY.

This day she would been two years old,
The lambkin of my lessened fold.
Some months she's trod the streets of gold ;
Ah, sad and drear has been each day,
Since the sweet darling went away.

I think now of the morn she came,
More precious gift than wealth or fame,
The little birdling without name—
She filled the measure of my thought,
For only joy her coming brought.

From out my window I can see
Her little grave. That's left to me,

With all the precious memory ;
And little clothes she used to wear,
And golden tresses of her hair.

I think of all her winning ways,
Her wondrous thirst for love and praise,
The gleefulness that crowned her days,
The patter of those tireless feet,
That wove unwritten songs so sweet.

Sad memories all—ah me, I know,
I saw her through the Valley go,
Saw on her face Death's gentle woe,
Saw her sweet life fade out from mine,
From mine, into the Life Divine.

To Life Divine, my gentle dove,
Where all our dreams of the Above
Close in one gush of holy love ;
There to her Birthday has been given
The roseate dawn of blessed Heaven.
The glory of that Upper Land,
Its breezes soft, and pure, and bland,
Her forehead and her cheek have fanned—
There nevermore, sweet child to sever,
I'll fold her to my heart forever.

Now Heaven doth seem more near to me,
More clear the roll of the jasper sea
Against thy shore, Eternity !
There drops within my soul a balm—
God help me to be strong and calm !

BERTHA TO HER CHILD.

" Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair form and gentle eye,
Loveller in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same !"
BRYANT.

Almost a year has glided by,
My sweet child, since I saw thee die,
And I have learned to live without
The loving voice and merry shout
Of him of whom I oft had said,
I could not live if he were dead !
Alas ! I have learned the heart can bear
How much of grief, how much of care !
Can bear, and still the world not know,
How hard it throbs beneath it's woe.

I stand within the moonlight pale,
And if my heart sends forth its wail,

It is because I look upon
Thy little grave, my darling son ;
I think of all thou wert to me,
The light to all my eye could see,
The spirit of my every thought,
The glory that with life was fraught,
Till brain and heart go almost wild,
To feel that thou art dead, my child.

O, when I saw thy form so fair
Convulsed with agony and pain,
And felt how vain was wish or prayer,
How human aid, alas, was vain ;
Ah, when I saw thy feet must go
From all the paths they'd trod below,

To tread alone, sweet child, alone,
The shadowy vale, so dim, unknown,
I thought—like mothers reft before—
That I could live nor love no more ;
I thought 'twould never cease, the pain
That throbbed so in my burning brain ;
That to my wild and bitter sorrow,
Could never come a calm to-morrow.

And yet thou liest still, my son,
Thy day of labor briefly done ;
Thy blue eye never more shall weep ;
“ God gives to his beloved sleep.”
Thou *art* my child, my sweet child now,
Tho’ Heaven’s soft breeze doth fan thy brow,
Though thy white wings are soaring where
Pure souls their angel plumage wear ;
Thou art my child, my love, sweet love ;
O, in the Heaven of bliss above
My heart shall hold thee all its own,
My soul shall know thee as I’ve known,
A little child, with regal head
As ever rested with the dead,
With rounded cheek, most purely fair,
With eye deep-fringed, and soft brown hair,
With cherry lips, whose tenderness
In words and kisses oft did bless
My thrilling, yearning heart with more
Of joy than it had known before ;
The dimpled hands that used to twine
Themselves so fondly into mine,
The precious form that used to rest
So lovingly upon my breast ;

O, in the Heaven of bliss above
 He waits for me, this child of love !

A DECEMBER NIGHT.

It is a cold and solemn eve,
 The stars give out their lights,
 Some phantom forms their mist-work weave
 Upon the distant heights.

On vales below, and o'er the leas
 The white snow silent lies,
 And icy arms of storm-reft trees
 Upreach for softer skies.

The stern wind king hath sung his dirge
 From out Æolian cave,
 And time is treading on the verge
 Of old Year's wintry grave.

Above his couch pale Nature stands,
 In sorrow desolate;
 She clasps in her's his frozen hands
 Awaiting final fate.

She thinks how once she saw him wear
The glory of the spring,
That golden was his shining hair
And scintillant his wing—

That Summer wove, with winsome grace,
His robes of emerald fold,
And Autumn lent her gorgeousness
Of crimson and of gold—

That late she saw him as a king,
To power and splendor wed,
An idol for the worshipping
Of legions that he led—

Now of his regal grandeur reft,
Of youth and beauty shorn,
He hath but faded garments left,
And sandals old and worn.

Low fallen is his chaplet green;
No more his gems are gold;
Ice-blades, more sharp than Damascene,
Now pierce his heart with cold.

Time tarries not for Nature's tears;
Thus hath she wept before;
He gathers back to long-lost years
The Old Year, now no more.

Like human heart, doth nature turn
To hope from 'dull despair;
And with a mother-love doth yearn
To clasp the New Year fair.

It is a solemn night and cold;
The stars still brightly glow,
And Nature doth the New Year hold
Within her arms of snow.

MISS LAURA E. BACON.

Miss LAURA E. BACON was born in the town of Ellery, Chatauque Co., N. Y., on the 6th of January, 1840.

She obtained at that place a very good common school education, and was about preparing for a higher and academic course, when, alas! for all human hopes, her father's health failed him, and he, like thousands of others, sought refuge, in the bracing exhilarating atmosphere of Minnesota, from the ravages of the fell destroyer, consumption. She began to scribble poetry very early in life, and her genius seemed to enlarge and expand as the natural dreariness and passion of her nature awoke to the magic inspiration of the muse, and her spirit became enraptured with all that was grand, and beautiful, and true in nature. In 1850 her father removed with his family from the dark pine forests and grand old hills of New York, and settled in a snug little

home, amid the wild and picturesque beauties of the land of "tinted skies" and "living waters," at Ottawa, Le Seuer County; and here the demands of her passionate nature seem satisfied, as she reveled in all that was beautiful in nature. But changes and vicissitudes of friends and fortune soon broke in upon their quiet dreams of joy and beauty, and Miss Bacon was compelled to depend upon her own exertions for a livelihood, and for two years she dropped her pen; her lyre was mute, as only occasionally could she give vent to the pent up imagination. School-teaching seemed never a life of beauty to her romantic nature. She could see neither beauty nor romance in the long rows of benches, with little dirty-faced occupants and their noisy murmurings. However, after a time she became more reconciled to her task, and she resolved again to renew her writing, and to send out from the dreamy passion-depths of her own soul, tones that should awaken responsive echoes in all akin. She wrote frequently and contributed to the various journals of the State, and also to the *Louisville (Ky.) Journal*.

About this time the present war broke out, and she received a letter from an old and confidential friend, telling her she was sharing the perils of a soldier's life, with her husband, in the army of the Cumberland, and accompanying the letter came the photograph of a soldier, with a letter of introduction

to her from her friend, and a solicitation from him of an acquaintance by letter. After a time she concluded to answer the letter and comply with the request, and their correspondence, thus began, continued until the battle of "Stone River," where her friend was taken prisoner, sent to Libby prison and confined for a long time, and she lost all trace of him. During this time she wrote for the *Louisville Journal* a story entitled "Pictures of the Times," which commanded especial notice, continuing also her occupation of teaching, which she had now learned truly to love.

In the spring of 1864, however, there came a letter from her soldier friend, saying, that after suffering much, he had been paroled and exchanged and sent back to his regiment in Georgia. During their correspondence, it was agreed, that after his term of enlistment had expired, he should visit Miss BACON at her home in Minnesota, and if they saw nothing to cause them to regret the past they would end their romance as most do, in marriage. Accordingly on the 17th of July last, a stranger alighted from the coach at the door of the hotel in Ottawa, and news spread that a handsome young stranger, a discharged soldier, was in town! Miss BACON was shortly after surprised by the reception of a card bearing certain well-known initials, and she was made

aware that her troubadour had arrived. Upon farther acquaintance they concluded that they loved each other other sincerely, and entered into a compact to put aside fighting and school-teaching, and terminate their romance at once. Therefore in just two weeks from the day of the soldier's arrival, they stood quietly up before the man of God and became man and wife; she exchanging the name of Bacon for that of Hunt, (Mrs. J. R. HUNT.) The newly married pair have settled beside her parents in Ottawa and intend to remain in Minnesota, thus forming a rich theme for the romantic nature of the bride, from which she can weave a tale of love and fancy of real life, arising from our cruel war, which no doubt has given birth to many others equally as interesting.

Mrs. HUNT's prose writings quite equal if not excel her poetical effusions. She writes with grace and fluency, possesses a lively imagination, and has written many things which give promise of great success. Her poems exhibit a good command of language, and good descriptive talent. They embrace a variety of subjects pervaded by a tone of true feeling, and are deserving of much encomium.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. JENNIE E. LEONARD, DIED SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

Gone in her saintly beauty,
Over the starry way,
Out from the dreary night-time,
Into the perfect day.
Gone with her soul unburdened
From the weary weight of sin,
Where the taint of earthly pleasures
Never can enter in.

Gone where the white boat softly
Glides o'er the foamy waves ;
Where the flowers of life gleam brightly
On the shore where the dark stream laves
Gone where the harpsichord waited
The touch of her angel hand ;
Away on her white plumed pinion,
Home to the beautiful land.

Gone where the angels gather
The fadeless flowers that bloom,
9

In that hush of heavenly twilight,
Around the great white throne.
Gone where the pure robes waited,
And the glittering crown of light;
Oh, closely the faithful Shepherd
Enfolds our darling to-night.

TO MY BROTHER.

Dear brother my heart is so heavy to-night,
And its throbbings come thick and fast,
For my soul has been treading the winding aisles
That lead to the shadowy past;
Aisles that were dark with the ashes of years;
With graves scattered here and there,
And mouldering urns, where the flowers of hope
Were crushed 'neath the weight of despair;
And the gulf of error lay broad and deep,
And mountains of pride loomed high,
While low at their base slept the ocean of woe,
Which mirrored a sunless sky.
But I groped over these to the dear old home,
That sheltered your youth and mine,

•

And again we stood where the rude sea wave
 Plashed over our feet its sparkling brine.
Again we climbed to the jutting cliff,
 And laughed the wild winds to scorn,
Or gathered the flowers, yet heavy with dew,
 In the first crimson glow of the morn.
O, brother ! the years have been long since then,
 And our life-paths have lain wide apart,
And never again can I whisper to you
 The grief of my aching heart.

But o'er the dark waves of the carnage of war,
 My sad thought will wander to-night,
Where the beating of drums and the cannon's loud
 roar,
 Calls you out to the terrible fight.
I know that the laurels of fame bind your brow,
 That the world calls you noble and brave ;
So I stifle the cries of my sad pleading heart,
 And turn to the life-work He gave.
O God ! wilt thou watch o'er my brother to-night ?
 For I know we shall ne'er meet again,
Till our spirit-hands clasp in the beautiful land
 That lies over the mystical plain.

BURIED TO-DAY.

Buried to-day ! 'Twas a sinless babe,
Pure as the dew 'mid its clustering hair ;
Never were visions of Heaven more bright,—
Never were flowers of Eden more fair.
'Twas a bud too gorgeous for sin to blight,
So the "Stern Reaper" plucked it at even,
And with dark wings poised for the upward flight,
He garnered the earth-born flowret for Heaven.

Buried to-day ! 'Twas a beautiful bride,
Fair as the roses that circled her brow,
Gentle and sweet as the May-morn's breath,
Spotless from sin as the pure white snow.
But her feet grew weary of thorn-strewn ways,
And the angels called from the other side ;
So she folded her hands o'er a passionless heart,
While her bark went out on the darksome tide.

Buried to-day ! 'Twas a gladsome youth,
Whose paths led up to the temple of fame ;
He scattered the germs of thought by the way,
And the harvest he reaped was a deathless name

But a serpent, unseen, lay coiled 'mid the leaves
Of the wreath that encircled his kingly brow,
The poisonous fang pierced his throbbing brain,
So they laid him—to-day—'neath the drifting
snow.

Buried to-day! 'Twas a white-haired man
Whom the death-angel touched with his sable
wing,
And the snow-sailed boat glided over the wave,
To list to the songs which the angels sing.
Thus doth the Reaper glean life's harvest-field,
At morning, at noon, and at beautiful even;
Culling bright flowers, to bind with the grain
He gathers in sheafs for the garner of Heaven.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

'Tis a beautiful night, and the trembling light
Of the moon glimmers out through the forest trees;
There's a bright, young head resting there on the
ground,
And white-wing'd angels are hovering around,—
Listening, I think;
For see! there's a stream of bright crimson blood,
Red as the autumn leaves down in the wood,
And it dapples the ringlets of soft brown hair,
, Binding them close to the forehead so fair,—
He's dying, I think!

Oh, moonbeams, glide softly,—glide softly to-night!
And lift the leaves lightly, oh whispering breeze;
For list! he is murmuring something of home,—
Of mother and Nettie, and dear little Mone.

Hark! he's whispering now:

“Come Mone, I'll go with you, the spring-water's
cool,

And I am so thirsty;—this long walk from school
Makes me tired to-night, and the dull, heavy pain
In my side,—Oh! Mone, it is coming again!”

Dear angels, lean low!



How fearful the anguish that changes the light
Which plays in the depths of the dark, hazle eyes,—
The proud lips grow pallid,—he murmurs a prayer ;
O God ! bid the white angels still linger there,

To guard him for me.

Oh see ! how his white hands are pressed to his side ;
Bleeding and ghastly the wound opens wide,—
There's a dull, gurgling sound and a half-stifled cry,
Like the wail of a strong heart in fierce agony,

Or the moan of the sea.

Silence falls now like the hush of twilight,—
A moan sweeps mournfully through the brown
leaves,

And the dark, crimson stream of the soldier's life-
blood

Has grown darker than any leaves down in the wood,
For the angels are gone.

The clarion notes have now hushed their sweet
chime,

And new laurels bloom in the temple of fame ;
But a wreath of dark cypress encircles *my* brow,
For *he* died to-night, and none o'er him leaned low
But the angel throng.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

Under the daisies we've laid her to rest,
 With her bonnie wee hands folded over her breast,
 And the blue of her eyes by the waxen lid prest,
 Down in a last, long sleep.

Under the daisies the little white feet
 Never grow weary of meadow or street,
 For their pattering music, so gentle and sweet,
 Is hushed in the quiet of death.

Under the daisies she's sleeping to-night,
 While o'er the brown hair, and the forehead so white,
 And the soft dimpled cheek, where the roses bloomed
 bright,
 The grave mould's beginning to creep.

Under the daisies so silent and cold,
 Rest thee, our darling! sweet pet of our fold!
 Treasure more precious the earth could not hold!
 In Heaven we'll claim thee again.

MRS. H. E. B. M'CONKEY.

Mrs. H. E. B. M'CONKEY is the daughter of PUTNAM BISHOP, and was born in Pautore, Addison County, Vt., on the first day of January, 1818. Her education, which was sound and thorough, as is almost universally the case with the sons and daughters of New England, was perfected in the city of Vergennes. In 1847 she left her "Green Mountain home" to spend a year or two, teaching at the West. After long delays she landed from a small steamer, July 10th, at Kaposia, on the Mississippi River, six miles below St. Paul, at that time Little Crow's Village. She came under the auspices of the National Board of Popular Education, with the late noble Gov. SLADE at its head. On the 15th of July she was paddled up the Mississippi by two

young squaws, and being prostrated by seasickness, was taken out of the canoe and deposited on a blanket beneath the towering bluffs where now stands the beautiful City of St. Paul. Dr. WILLIAMSON, Presbyterian Missionary among the Indians, had arranged for a teacher for the few scattered families, mostly half-breeds, at this then isolated trading post, and in due time Mrs. M'CONKEY opened the first citizen school in the Territory—although at that time not even a Territorial organization existed. The next year she established the first Sunday-School in St. Paul, and probably the first in the Territory. She continued her school in St. Paul until 1858, when she was married and gave it up. Mrs. M'CONKEY has been a devoted, consistent member of the Baptist Church since her 18th year, and has labored faithfully and well to discharge her duty in that station in life in which it has pleased God to place her. She has written much for the public press, from time to time; and in point of style, many of her articles possess the merit of graceful and pointed diction; and the lessons they inculcate are all of pure and moral tendency. To her father—a man singularly gifted in mind and heart, and possessing, with a warm imagination, an enthusiastic love of nature—she probably owes her susceptibility to the beautiful in

the outer and inner world. Many of her poetical articles have been published in the State and elsewhere ; and she has given an exceedingly graphic description of her early experience in the home of her adoption in a work published in 1857, entitled "Floral Home, or First Years in Minnesota." She has also just issued a volume called "The Dakota War-Whoop, or History of Indian Massacres in Minnesota," which is a just and faithful delineation of that lamentable tragedy.

Her writings are as creditable to her heart as to her intellect. In all, she exhibits cheerful views of life, together with the purest morality and religious sentiment. During the first years of her mission she wrote much, and her pen did a great deal to induce thousands of our best citizens, no doubt, to emigrate to the goodly land she now calls her home ; and she has lived to see the little rill become a mighty stream, and gathered in a circling pool 'neath her own "vine and fig tree." Having endured all the hardships of pioneer life, she is now enjoying her reward, amid all the comforts of civilized life and appreciating friends.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell! dear father, mother—

Receive my last adieu ;

Thy dwelling now I'm leaving

To sadness and to you.

My heart with grief is swelling,

And yet with joy I go ;

And none my heart's emotions,

In this cold world may know.

I go, for duty bids me,

And I must heed the call ;

O, 'tis a holy mission,

No dangers will befall.

Dear father, grant thy blessing

On the last one of thy band,

And know I still shall love thee,

Tho' gone to distant lands.

And tell me, best of parents,

Will not thy prayer ascend

For blessings on your daughter—

That Heaven her mercies lend ;

That I may be successful
Alone in going forth ;
That souls may bless the effort—
Souls now in ruin lost ?

And, mother, must I leave you—
And leave you all alone ?
Thy son has gone to heaven,
Now thy last daughter gone !
O, chide me not, dear mother !
My grief I cannot speak,
But bid those scalding teardrops
To chase each other cease.

Protect my fair young flowers—
You'll love them when I'm gone—
And prune those cherished rose trees,
Long fostered by my hand.
But I no more shall guard them,
Nor watch their opening buds,
Or view with grateful pleasure
The bush with them bestud.

Dear father, guard the "old elm,"
Beneath which I have play'd,

And ever lov'd so fondly
Its cooling, dark'ning shade,
Protect it for your daughter,
Who may no more return ;
Its dear old boughs, still waving,
Will sweeten thoughts of home.

These scenes to me endeared
By every tender tie—
These scenes on which I gazed
First with my infant eye,
To me'll be ever sacred,
Dear to my heart as life,
Nor filial love be changed
Amid the cold world's strife.

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Farewell ! dear father, mother,
Your home will still be dear ;
I go by Heaven's commission,
And lonely leave you here.
Bestow thy parting blessing
On the last one of thy band,
If we on earth meet never,
We shall in Canaan's land.

"DO THEY THINK OF US, SAY?"

A RESPONSE.

Do we think of you? Ask of the mother who laid
At the night-fall to slumber her sweet angel babe!
Till she shall forget both her duty and care,
Shall we of the West cease to think of you there.

Do we think of you? Yes, in your conflicts and toil,
On your tent-whitened plains, on the enemy's soil,
'Mid dark subtle dangers with which you contend,
'Neath the hot, burning sun and the "merciless
rain."

Do we think of you? Yes, by night and by day,
In the crowd or alone, when we talk or we pray,
In thoughts when we're waking, in dreams when at
rest,
We think of the "FIRST," of our heart's beloved
best.

Do we think of you? Yes, our heart's treasures are
there;
Every wish is for them, every thought is a prayer;

We cheerfully gave you friends, brothers and sons,
And husbands! God help us, for home is not *home*!

We bid you be strong 'mid the deep cannon roar,
When comrades around you are welt'ring in gore;
Like men, standing firmly, and "never say die!"
"*And trusting in God, your powder keep dry!*"

Do we think of you? *Yes*, we have thought of you
when
Leaden hail from the foemen poured on you like rain,
With anxious heart-throbbings to know of the
slain,—
We have trembled, and waited, and watched till it
came!

Do we think of you? *Yes*; and in gratitude weep;
We're *proud* of the GLORY you won in defeat;
We're *proud* of the daring, the courage and might
The "First Minnesota" doth wield for the RIGHT!

Ah, glory, bright GLORY, awaits every one,
All crowned with fresh laurels so valiantly won;
Our hearts are your home, and *wide-open remain*,
Till we greet you with joy on its threshold again.

MINNESOTA.

Far away in the West, where the "Big Waters" rise,
And the fair, verdant earth meets the blue-vaulted
skies—

Where the graceful fawn gambols on flower-bright
plain,

Or flies from the swift-winged arrow in vain—

Where the wail of the red man is caught by the
breeze,

As the graves of their fathers in sadness they leave ;

On scenes that are fairer the sun never shone,

Than our land of adoption—our Heaven-cheered
home.

Here anthems of Nature, sonorous and clear,

In Falls of St. Anthony ring on the ear ;

And Minne-ha-ha, with laughter and leap,

From its green prairie bed seeks a shady retreat.

Here the history of nations is writ in the soil

Where their cities have stood, and white men now
toil ;

And the flower-wreath of mystery is woven around

Remains of past ages—the Indian mound.

Here the emigrant lingers, delighted, surprised ;
“ I’ve found it ! I’ve found it ! EUREKA ! ” he cries,
Resolving no further his “ plunder to tote,”
And grateful to Heaven for blessing his lot.
The green oak is soon waving his cabin above,
And in it abideth peace, pleasure and love ;
What more can he ask from the bountiful Hand
That guided him to this Elysian land ?

Where the breath of the seasons like nectar combine,
The heart to enamor, the soul to refine—
Where the glorious press is diffusing its light,
And Virtue, with Mind, is arrayed in its might—
Where Religion and Science have blended their
 aims,
And each on their temples have engraven their
 names ;
With the star-spangled banner afloat on the breeze—
Minnesota is rich with such blessings as these !

THE TEMPERANCE WATCHMAN.

God speed your heaven-born efforts, ye high-souled
noble band ;
And crown with signal victory, the labors of your
hand,
You're marshaled for the contest in glorious array,
And onward speed the conquest, till victors of the
day.

The little germ entrusted unto the fruitful earth,
Has taken deep root downward, and rose in beauteous
birth ;
The fragile acorn first appears, and then abroad
expands,
And soon the stately oak doth wave, the glory of
the lands.

This tiny fragrant rose-bud first smiles upon its stem
Then bursts its gloomy petals, to gladden hearts of
men :
It yields a sacred influence to all within its sphere—
Exhales a grateful perfume through all the tainted
air.

God help the noble watchman to fight king Alcohol,
Until they close each "rum shop," and each "sa-
loon" and "hall,"—
To send abroad their influence throughout this fair
domain,
Until from our escutcheon is wiped its darkest stain.

FEELING AND SENTIMENT.

These persons are each of them known as my friend,
And each will a virtuous action defend;
Religiously, socially hold the same rank,
And are in their motives both sincere and frank.

Both rich gifts and rare are with Sentiment found,
In tropes and rich figures his writings abound,
Apparently speaks on no theme with the zeal
Which the "Golden Rule" gives him for earnest
appeal.

Ne'er a sentence did Feeling for public eye pen,
And never in crowds of the gay has he been ;

But he knows every dwelling and hut of the poor,
And ne'er turns the needy away from his door.

While great admiration doth Sentiment claim,
Unbounded delight is my friend Feeling's gain ;
And thus, to illustrate the contrast between them,
Their course I'll rehearse of a recent occasion.

A man of rare worth, of rich Christian graces,
Beloved by his friends, but unknown in high places,
Left alone and dependent his children and wife,
To battle with storms and the dark waves of life.

To a fashionable *soiree* was Sentiment bound,
When a solemn death-knell on his ear did resound ;
He moves on—bethinking what fine things to say
Of him who to Heaven from earth passed away.

With eloquent pathos and eulogy shone
The grief of the orphans, the widow's heart moan.
There was mist in the eyes of the thoughtless and gay
When he for mere chit-chat the theme put away.

Feeling heard with surprise the good man's demise,
And soon at the house of affliction arrives ;

The widow and fatherless smile in their grief,
And bless him forever for timely relief.

A note of condolence did Sentiment write,
An obituary he too did indite,
And at last for the good man he named a son,
While Feeling adopted his most helpless one.

"EVEN THIS MAY PASS AWAY."

"Even this may pass away."

MISS BREMER.

When life's morn is cloudless, fair,
• No griefs oppress, no cank'ring care,
Bright flowers are smiling on thy way,
Be humble—"These may pass away."

And when sorrow veils thy heart,
Friends all fail and hopes depart,
Bid gloom and sadness from thee stray,
Be cheerful—"this may pass away."

Maiden, when around thy path
Flowers are strewn too bright too last,

Trust not to friendship's fickle ray,
For "even this may pass away."

When to tender notes of love
Ears are oped and heart is moved,
Know thou, false man loves but a day,
And soon his love "may pass away."

When keen disappointment's smart
Distracts thy head and rends thy heart,
The clouds may break in glorious day,
For darkest days will "pass away."

Husband, in thy joy and pride,
Gazing on thy fair young bride,
Cherish well the love-lit ray,
For e'en her love "may pass away."

Mother, when upon thy breast
Jewels gleam in childhood rest,
Remember treasures rich as they,
Like morning dew have "passed away."

Father, with thine image there,
In thy noble, manly heir,

Tho' proudly beats thy heart to day,
Thy pride and hope " may pass away."

Hope hath its shadow, gloom its hope,
Faith bids in joy or grief look up ;
Life and its woes last not for aye,
And earth " will even pass away."

MISS NINETTA MAINE.

Miss NINETTA MAINE is an only child, and was born in Bolton, Tolland County, Conn., July 29th, 1844. The greater part of her childhood was spent on the shore of Long Island Sound. Her mother died when she was in her ninth year, and her own health being very delicate, her educational advantages, though good at the time, were necessarily very much neglected, and since her fifteenth year she has been dependent upon her own efforts for advancement. She began to scribble verse very early in life, and can hardly remember when she commenced, although it was done by way of recreation, and with a desire to improve.

Miss MAINE came to Minnesota in 1859, and has since supported herself by teaching school in various places. Her nature is one which, in a more prosperous condition of things, would find its whole

delight in expatiating amid the genialities of nature and society. She writes with ease and rapidity—rather too much for real improvement—yet evinces a decided talent for poetical composition. Early left an orphan, she has been dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, and merits all the praise and encouragement which should ever be extended to the self-taught, high-minded, struggling for attainable good.


Her poetry evinces good descriptive talent, and all her effusions are marked by pleasant thought and melodious versification.

THE SUMMER'S NIGHT.

O, the summer's night is a spirit bright,
And her voice is low and sweet;
And her brow as fair as the heavens are,
When the day and darkness meet.
And I love the night so pure and bright,
When the stars their watches keep;
And the winds sigh low as they come and go,
And the waves are hushed to sleep.

When the skies are fair and the ambient air
Is soft as an infant's breath,
And the dancing rill is calm and still,
As tho' touched by the sword of death,
The clouds bend down o'er the mountains brown,
As tho' Heaven and earth had met,
The breath of flowers float out from the bowers,
And the grass with dew is wet,

The waves of the lake, bright shadows take
From the iris-hued clouds above;
And the giant trees as they sway in the breeze,
Seem whispering words of love.
O, I love the night so calm and bright,



For her voice is low and sweet,
And her brow is fair as the heavens are,
When the day and darkness meet.

THE LONG AGO.

Sweet as the odor of the flowers in summer's golden
prime,
Are echoes from the Long Ago, our youth's bright
summer time,
When every day, however dear its hours of joy
might be,
Seemed but the spray dashed from a wave of Time's
unchanging sea.

Sometimes, when darkened clouds o'erhang the path
which once was bright,
And thro' the gathering mists we see no welcome
ray of light,
A radiance from the brilliant past will shine upon
our way,
And bring us courage to endure the coming of the
day.

And oft when sorrow on our hearts hath laid her
heavy hand,
The memories of the past will come, a shadowy,
white-winged band,

And raise the burden from our souls and whisper
words of peace,
And tell us of that glorious day when woe and grief
shall cease.

The Long Ago! The Long Ago! How sweet it
seems to me,
When gentle breezes lift the mists from Memory's
quiet sea;
The Present and the Future, pass forgotten and
unknown,
The past—the magic Long Ago—has power o'er me
alone.

THE SEA.

I sat by the sea, the musical sea ;
The glorious day was dead,
The pale, cold moon looked down on me,
And the sky was bright o'erhead.

And I said, " Give back, O sorrowful sea,
The dead who sleep in thy caves ;
Thou hast stolen one who was dear to me,
Give him back, O restless waves !

I ask no treasure, insatiate sea—
 No treasure of rubies and gold ;
Give back the treasure more precious to me,
 The loved one thy billows enfold.

I sit and gaze, O changeful sea,
 Till each wave that breaks on thy shore
Seems bearing my loved one back to me,
 But it dies, and he comes no more.

O pity my sorrow, proud, haughty sea !
 Give him back, O ye ocean caves !"
But it said, " Thy loved one is lost to thee,
 None ever come back from the waves.

He sleeps in a niche of the beauteous sea,
 With pearls and with diamonds inlaid ;
The wave which is dashing its spray over thee,
 Just now with his dark ringlets played."

So I cry no more to the mighty sea ;
 But oft, when its wild billows roar,
I say, " Will he never come back to me ?"
 And the proud wave answers, " No more."

A PICTURE OF THE WAR.

In the west the sky was glowing like a sea of molten
gold,

Twilight's wings were half extended, as tho' earth
she would enfold ;

Eastward now the purpling shadows slowly take
their length'ning way,

And the night was chanting peans o'er the still un-
conquered day.

Far away, the waving prairie seemed a robe of silver
sheen,

Decked with jewels that had gathered bright-eyed
day's departing gleam.

But I heeded not the beauty of the glorious summer
night,

For my eyes were dim with tear-drops, and I could
not see aright.

A strong arm was wound around me, love-lit eyes
looked in my own,

But I felt no thrill of gladness at that dear familiar
tone ;

I must lay my sole heart-treasure on the altar of the
land,

Glowing with the flames of freedom, by the breath
of warfare fanned.

"Nannie," said he, "every south-wind seems to
thunder in my ear,

'When your country is in danger, why do you lin-
ger here?'

"And the blood of those who perished, battling for
their native land,

"Seems to cry to me for vengeance—vengeance
from my own right hand!

"On the ill-starred field of Bethel, there's an humble,
unmarked grave,

"Where they laid my darling brother, once the
bravest of the brave;

"He sank in the stream of slaughter on that short,
disastrous day.

"But I've sworn that I'll avenge—will you, *can* you
bid me stay?"

O, the tears were falling, but I dashed them quick
aside:

"Go! and may the God of battles be forever at your
side!"

But my voice was choked and heavy with the weight
of unshed tears,

And that moment seemed to bring me all the gar-
nered woe of years.

“Noble Nannie!” and he kissed me as he pushed
the curls away,

That in heavy tangled masses on my throbbing
forehead lay ;

“And tho’ on the field of battle it may be my lot to
fall,

“There our Saviour will be with me, who is merci-
ful to all,

“May God bless you, Oh, my darling!” and he
turned as to depart,

Yet he paused a curl to sever and to place it near
his heart.

He was gone—alone I stood there in the twilight
dim and gray,

Listening to his hasty footsteps till the echoes died
away.

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Summer’s gorgeous hues have yielded to the Au-
tumn’s brown and gold,

And the bright days of October o’er our prairies
slowly rolled.

Gently came the cooling breezes thro’ the air so soft
and dim,

And the gath’ers of earth’s bounty paused to chant
the harvest hymn.

But the echoes of the cannon came toward us from
afar,

And the nation listened, breathless, to the surging
tide of war.

On the plains of old Virginia, 'neath her skies so
bright and fair,

Freedom's mighty hosts were battling, and I knew
that *he* was there.

Long and weary days I waited with a hope almost
despair,

For the hovering mists of battle to be lifted from
the air.

But at length, there came a letter written by a
stranger's hand :

He had perished on the altar of our glorious native
land !

Foremost of the brave and loyal—well I knew he
would be there—

He had met a death-winged bullet as it hurtled
thro' the air ;

There they found him when the echoes of the strife
had died away—

One hand grasped a starry banner crimsoned with
his blood, they say.

“Tell my Nannie,” said he, faintly, to a comrade
who was near,

“Tell my Nannie that we’ve conquered, and that
death I do not fear ;

“Say I loved her next to duty, to my country, and
to God,

“Give her back the tress I’ve cherished”—ah !
’twas covered with his blood !

Night was closing darkly round them when they
laid him down to sleep,

Where the blessed angels only o’er his tomb their
vigils keep.

He is slumbering in the south-land by the broad
Potomac’s wave,

Where the fairest and the bravest of our land have
found a grave.

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HON. H. W. HOLLEY.

The subject of this sketch, Hon. H. W. HOLLEY, was born at Pierpont, Manor County, N. Y., in 1828. He is a graduate from the Military School of the Norwich University, Vermont. Early in life he manifested a strong attachment for poetry, and frequently gave proofs of decided poetical talent and genius. He engaged in civil engineering as his profession and served as assistant engineer upon the various roads of Ohio, Wisconsin and Indiana, from 1859 to 1855. He was married in 1855 to Miss LIZZIE J. CHRISTIE, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio. He came to Minnesota in 1856, and assumed the editorial chair of the *Chatfield Republican*, a paper published at Chatfield, Fillmore County, which position he filled with ability, and success until 1861. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention from Fillmore county, in 1857, and in 1859 was elected a member of the State Senate; and again in 1860 was re-elected, and served with credit to himself and his constituents.



In the spring of 1861 he was appointed Receiver at the U. S. Land Office at Winnebago City, to which place he immediately removed, where he still resides.

His poems are of unequal merit, and many of them possess much similarity of character and subject, yet his style is good, often spirited and vigorous to a high degree. He has published many articles from time to time, of both political and satirical character. In 1856 he published a volume entitled, "Moods and Emotions," which possesses much claim to poetical merit. He also published in 1859 a satire entitled, "What I Think," which is directed by an unerring aim, and in which the reader recognizes continually the wit of the author; and so keen seems his perception of the ridiculous, that whatever the object of his sarcasm, it never escapes a most ludicrous representation. Satire seems to be his principal forte, and his humorous poems are distinguished by a felicitous versification, which can but be acceptable to the most fastidious reader. His campaign songs and other political effusions are adapted to the times, and seem to be useful offerings laid upon the altar of liberty.

A DIRGE.

'Tis holy ground ! Tread lightly here
Above our friend, the early lost ;
Than whom none was, can be, more dear
To us while on Life's ocean tossed.

So very pure her inmost thought
Looked out from her deep-azure eyes,
That we believed its truth was caught
From her pure sisters in the skies.

And was it not ? Could angel be
On earth more like a child of heaven,
Live here with less impurity,
Or die with less to be forgiven ?

TO A GIFTED SINGER.


Song is sweet, O gifted singer !
Every heart-chord doth it wake ;
At thy shrine we workers linger,
Bound by spells we cannot break.
Not by Beauty's dazzling vision
Dost thou draw our souls to thee ;
But by moments half Elysian,
Listening to thy melody.

EXTRACTS

FROM A SATIRICAL POEM ENTITLED "A LECTURE BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR
THE RELIEF OF THE INSANE."

We ask too much of preachers, that's a fact,
And weigh their virtues, wisdom, too exact;
Woe be to him who gives a nasal twang,
On Sabbath day, in psalm, hymn or harrangue;
Woe be to him who can't reject a call
To preach, where salaries are not so small!
Thus act the churches, save a very few,
Who pay their preachers as they ought to do—
Who keep in view this scripture, to inspire,
"The laborer is worthy of his hire."
I do not think there's many broken backs,
But that could lift a country preacher's tax,
And yet there is, in almost every town,
A few who would this trifle whittle down;
They seem to think his trade is to exhort,
No matter though his groceries fall short,
Their model preacher should despise all pelf,
And though he preach for nothing—board himself!
Last comes (for I am rather scrimped for time,)

The writers, prozers, dabblers in rhyme ;
The race of scribblers, haughty, poor and proud,
That through the gate of glory strive to crowd ;
Their strains are tinged with sorrows darkest dye,
That might bring tear drops to a reader's eye,
But that from long experience we learn
A poet's sadness is a sort of " turn "
By which Dame Nature through a channel queer,
Expels such humors, many times a year.
Oh ! new fledged poets ! interest us more,
Or else pray give your " nack o' rhyming " o'er ;
Perhaps when made by years a little wise,
You will not think the poet's secret lies
Concealed beneath the senseless forms of grief,
Of which your self your own sad self art chief !
To you, and such as you, who would write rhyme,
Let an old stager speak a word in time,
Beware of that important pronoun I,
That everlastingly will rhyme to sigh ;
Great as your own grief to yourself may seem,
To all save you, it is a trifling theme ;
Your wild devotion to some pretty girl,
That sets your love-struck senses in a whirl,
Although 'tis well perhaps that she should hear,



Is quite insipid to another's ear.
Love if you wish, but of it make no fuss,
As if it was a mighty thing to us,
For most men live and love as well as you
And marry partners without more ado.
Don't let your love-griefs overshadow quite,
All that the earth presents you of delight;
Cannot Matilda, Sally, Kate or Jane,
Do naught, young poets, to relieve your pain?
Is there no great elixir that can save
So many poets from an early grave?
Oh, if you can, for God's sake quickly find,
Some soothing balsam for a wounded mind!
Some healing plaster that may heal your grief
And give yourselves and readers some relief.

MY BOOK.

Come here, old honest friend,—“my book,”—
This winter-night, so drear and cold;
Come here, from out thy dusty nook,
And chat with me as wont of old.
My lamp, grown dim, I will retrim;
My fire shall be replenished too;
For this is meet when two friends greet,—
And two such friends as I and you.

My life has changed since last we met,
Long years ago,—that summer-time
When every hour my thoughts were set
To music breathed in thy sweet rhyme.
My life has changed ; but still a place
I've kept within my heart for thee ;
And, of my former friends, no face
Would now than thine more welcome be.

Nor is this strange, when I reflect
How thoughtless late I've been of you,
Who, in despite of cold neglect,
Have always unto me been true ;
Who always had some word of cheer
Just fitting for my mood of mind,
And one that I believed sincere,
As it was just, and pure, and kind.

Then leave, old friend, thy dusty place,
Bring back the light of happier days ;
And, as we sit thus face to face,
Rechant to me thy charming lays ;
For they have power to wean my heart
From worshipping at Mammon's shrine
By many a gem which poet-art
Hath formed from truths and thoughts divine.

DUTY.

Unpledged to the law of party ;
Unswayed by the foolish fear,
That, of all the good it doeth,
There'a few in the world will hear,—

It stands by the couch of anguish
In chill and cheerless home ;
And its voice and look of kindness
Bless all unto whom they come ;—

Leaves not a path untrodden,
Leaves not a chance untried
To throw o'er those benighted
The light of a welcome guide ;—

Nerves many a heart nigh broken
By the crushing weight of ill,
To battle with life's misfortune
With a high and brave hope still ;—

Works not for the slave, opinion ;
Heeds not the public sneer ;
For God is the only master
And critic it seems to fear.

TO A SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

I sit alone, and fondly retrace
The faithful type of thy girlish face;
Thy deep black eyes are upon me bent,
As of old, brim full of merriment;
Thy dimpled cheeks with their rosy hue,
Thy teeth by thy lips scarce hid from view,
The heavy braids of thy golden hair,
Thrown back from thy brow without much care,
These are all portrayed so true and clear,
Is it strange I dream thou'rt with me here?

A bustling crowd in the street below
My window are passing to and fro,
But I fail quite with eye or ear,
To catch one look, or a sound to hear;
For back to the past has memory flown
To those pleasant hours by us once known,
And many a joy of that sweet time,
When our lives and loves were in their prime,
On the fleeting wing of memory brought,
Are mine again in this lapse of thought.

Though never again may the bliss be mine,
To gaze on the real face of thine;
Should our paths diverge to never meet
On earth, the thought is to me, how sweet,
That with laughing eye and rosy cheek,
And lips that earnestly seem to speak,
Words to lighten, encourage, and cheer
My heart when bowed by sorrow or fear,
In dreams by night, and thoughts by day,
Thy spirit, will ever with me stay.

PENNIES.

Gather them up, and scatter them kindly:
Many a beggar will thank you for one;
Many a fortune ye're seeking so blindly
From sources as trivial as these was begun.
Gather them up, but not for the rusting
Of the pile safely guarded by padlock and chain;
But gather and give them, and wisely be trusting
That treasurers so scattered will come back again,

Gather them up, though the world call thee miser
To see thee so careful to find every *cent*;
Gather and give them, and it will grow wiser
And better, we hope, ere you have them all spent.
Gather them up, wherever they offer,
By plow or by anvil, by desk or in stall;
Gather and give them, despite of the scoffer,
And time will repay thee for each and for all.

Kindness to those who may chance to need any,
In the smoothest of pennies, may be shown by
you;
Gather them, then, no matter how many;
For the more that you have, the more you may do.
Mites though they are in the bucket of treasure,
Scorn not the trifles, but bless them for aye;
Much they can win you of Heaven's own pleasure,
If only you get them, and give them away.

OLD LETTERS.

Read them, if only to bring back the past
Once more, with its friends and friendships to
view,

From out of the shadow which old Time has cast
O'er first dreams of happiness earnest and true.
Read them, though age may have wrinkled thy brow,
And sprinkled thy hair all profusely with gray:
Though severed the chain of past happiness now,
Links that are left of it surely are they.

Read them : thy heart must indeed have grown cold,
And hardened withal, if it feels not a thrill
Of regret for affection by them so well told,
And whose place in thy heart perhaps other loves
fill.

The same light of pleasure which once they imparted
These words of an old friend should give thee
again ;

As they did long ago when both were true-hearted,
And the joys of each one were the joys of the
twain.

W. A. CROFFUT.

The author of the following poems, W. A. CROFFUT, is a native of Connecticut. His parents were highly respected for intelligence and moral worth, but from their pecuniary circumstances were unable to afford their son any advantages for acquiring instruction, beyond those furnished by the common schools of New England, which were always superior. He was an ambitious youth, however, and by diligent perusal of books and close application to study, he laid the foundation for his literary taste.

Being a ready writer, he was called upon, when only eighteen years of age, to edit the *Derby (Ct.) Messenger*, a weekly Fremont paper, which he did with success until the close of the campaign. He then edited for a short time the *Waterbury (Ct.) Democrat*, and in 1856 came to Minnesota, and was employed as local and general editor of the *St. Paul Daily Times* for two years. In the spring of 1858 he removed to St. Anthony and purchased the *Republican* in that city, and changed its name to the *State News*, and started a daily in connection with it under the name of *The Falls Evening News*.

In 1859, Mr. CROFFUT returned to Connecticut, and was induced to commence a weekly paper, the *Jeffersonian*, in Danbury, in that State, which he continued throughout the Presidential canvass, after which he removed to Washington, D. C., and accepted a clerkship in the Treasury department, which he retained during the administration of Mr. CHASE. He is now at Rochester, N. Y., acting as associate editor of the *Daily Democrat*, of that place. Professing an ardent attachment to Minnesota, however, he hopes soon to return to the home of his adoption and remain. In private life Mr. CROFFUT is distinguished for his amiable temperament and many social excellencies.

His claims as a poet will be freely granted, and also much higher praise. His style is elegant and vigorous to a great degree, and gives promise of a success which shall be creditable alike to himself and the literature of his adopted State.

His political articles abound in humor and satire which produce great effect upon the public mind, and his reputation stands high as an ardent patriot, a sincere philanthropist and zealous Republican. Although we have endeavored to exclude all articles of a partisan character from our volume, we cannot forbear to select one of Mr. CROFFUT's finest political effusions.

WHY?

Many wooed, but none could win her;
Wise and witty
Saw her still a maiden linger,
Humming o'er a plaintive ditty
As she touched her ringless finger.
Young and pretty!
Ah, the pity—
Folding all her life within her!

Years passed by. Again I met her—
Maiden yet!
But behind Youth's purple curtain
Had her heart its sad song set—
"Never tempt the vague Uncertain—
Nor forget
One regret
Turns to steel the silken fetter!"

Much I marveled at her folly;
Summer fled;
Turned her blush from rose to amber,

And where now the vine is dead
Morning-glories used to clamber;
 Never wed!
 Summer fled;
Autum crowned her brows with holly.
* * * * * *
Saw I once a thrush that sent her
 Music soaring—
Far away from man and maid
 Had the brown recluse her mooring
Hid within a beechen shade—
 God adoring!
 Sweet songs pouring
On the dark, wild woods of winter!
How her plumage seemed to glisten,
 Joyous thing!
As I asked, "fair hermit, why
 Tarry where thy glossy wing
Flashes on no loving eye?
 Joyous thing!
 Wherefore sing
Where no human ear may listen?
"Spurn the sombre shade's control
 Lonely lover!

Come where beauty crowns the graces;
Where thy sweetness, gushing over,
Aye shall fall in pleasant places;
Wildwood rover,
Come and hover
Where thy song can stir a soul!"

Caroled she—how long will linger
Tune and tone—
"Leave me! 'tis *my chosen way*;
Happy am I all alone—
Happy, happy all the day!"
She had flown—
I was gone:
Silenced by the forest-singer.

* * * * *
Since, whene'er I see a maiden
Turning ever
From the love that comes to greet her—
Love that waits and waits forever,
Making Life and Death the sweeter—
Clings forever—
Ask I never
Why she spurns the bliss of Aidenn!

THE CURSE OF COL. MULLIGAN.

The morn flashed over the eastern sky,
And across the Blue Ridge westward went;
Near Winchester town, where the stream swept by,
Just clear from the road, was a tattered tent:—
Within did a wounded soldier lie—

A quivering frame whose life was spent—
And without I heard the sentry say :
“ The brave man, Mulligan, dies to-day !”

A slight form bent o’er the couch of pain;
Through the lines of the foe she had found him
here,

And she says, “ Oh, James ! let your wife speak plain,
Ye are not long for the earth, I fear.

Have ye any word that ye wish may remain
For others ?—And tell me, Jamie, dear,
Of what ye can see through the broken wall—
Of your hope and faith in the Lord of All !”

“ Oh, May, you know that I go in peace—
In peace with God and His Truth, I trust ;
And Death comes now as a sweet release—
’Twill heal this agony—dust to dust !

But oh ! how I long, ere my pulses cease,
To see our darlings ! My God is just.
But now that the battle is almost through,
Oh ! May, how I wish I could live for you !

“ And say to the friends and neighbors, wife,
I bid them COME OUT AND MAINTAIN THE LAWS !
I feel that I fell in a holy strife,
Though traitors stammer their poor applause.
Why, if Heaven should purpose to spare my life
I'd give it again for the good old cause !
Though it cost us an ocean of blood and tears,
The Republic must live a thousand years !

“ Dear May, I dreamed last night of the men—
Old partisan comrades, where'er they be :—
' Democracy ' 's crept in a vipers den,
Since it used to flatter and fondle me ;
For I thought the name was a guaranty then
Of *Union forever, and all men free.*
Oh ! how I loathe their treachery now—
Their Judas-kiss on the Nation's brow !

“ They sent us forth,—you remember, May,—
And gave to our keeping the flag of stars,

And lustily cheered that April day

As their 'heroes' went out 'to the best of wars;
And told us they'd bless us when far away,

And when we would come home they would kiss
the scars;

The liars! The knaves! They leagued with the
foe,

And turned their backs on us a year ago!

"They cheered and affirmed that our cause was
right;

'The Rebels *must* be subdued,' they said;

But now they tell us we're 'fools' to fight—

Aye, *fools* to follow where Jackson led!

I should think they'd be haunted day and night,

By the angry ghosts of the patriot dead!

A curse on all the treacherous clan!—

A curse from the lips of a dying man!"

He swooned—then murmured, "Marion, dear,"—

And his mind in delirious fancies strayed;

He shouted—his voice rang loud and clear,

And echoed far through the startled shade—

"*Rally once more boys!—leave me here—*

But—DON'T LOSE THE COLORS OF OUR BRI-
GADE!"

Then he struggled and groaned with the weight of
pain ;

Revived,—and softly spake again :—

“ A curse ? Oh, no ! let them sneer and smile ;

The scoffs will be mixed in a cup of shame :

Are some of them sons of the Green Old Isle ?

—Unworthy to touch her garment’s hem !

All traitors together—the weak and vile—

But, oh !—I AM GLAD I CAN DIE FOR THEM !”

He ceased—and up from the crimson clod

A brave soul leapt to the arms of God !

Toll low, toll slow the reluctant bell ;

Let cannon speak of the martyr’s cause ;

Half-mast the flag that he loved so well,

And give to the land a moment’s pause.

Keep the red field sacred where he fell,

While traitors chatter their poor applause ;

For a million loyal hearts shall say

“ The patriot, MULLIGAN, died to-day !”


TO MY WIFE.

Our darling boy is gone :
How soon his quivering pulses lapsed away ;
And gentle Death relieved the suffering one
Ere the faint flushes of his baby-dawn
Had blossomed into day !

The patient, patient thing !
How meek and how reverently he wore
The crown of anguish Death alone could bring ;
And bore affliction without murmuring,
That God might love him more.

Seven months of joy and mirth,
And two of pain eclipsing all the seven ;
But oh ! we turn and bless the higher birth,
That we, who might not rear a man for earth,
Have reared a child for Heaven !

You know, my stricken wife !
How Willie used to watch the branches sway,



As if he saw beyond the realms of strife,
And caught some glimpse of a brighter life
Above the bending spray.

And when the morning broke,
How he exulted in its earliest beams,
And smiled and half-articulate whispers spoke,
As if he thanked the angels, when he woke,
Who blessed his baby dreams.

And when, at night, I came
He at the window, rapturous with glee
Would clap his dimpled hands, and shout again,
And with his soft palm pat upon the pane
As he would welcome me!

I sometimes feel a spell,
As if his sainted spirit hovered o'er,
Living as near us—loving us as well—
As when his poor, sweet lisps tried to tell
How much he longed to soar!

He will not lonely grow ;
Our brothers beautiful, and sisters rare,
Whose chastened souls ascended long ago,

And that brave friend it was our joy to know,
Will greet and love him there.

I know they will ! and teach
Our darling all that unto them is given ;
To sing hossannahs on the radiant beach,
And speak, with lips untuned to poorer speech,
The eloquent tongues of Heaven ?

So, when the Father calls,
Our little angel-usher will be there,
To beckon us beyond these weary walls,
And lead our footsteps through celestial halls,
And up the shining stair !

Oh, we may lean on him !
Sweet intercessor on the unseen shore !
When to our eyes the lights of earth grow dim,
Hail we among the hosts of Cherubim
Our baby—" gone before !"

HELEN L. PENDERGAST.

Mrs. HELEN L. PENDERGAST was born in North Andover, Massachusetts, where the first happy years of her life were passed. When she was about the age of fifteen her parents removed to Durham, N. H., and sent her to Gardiner, Me., to continue her studies, where she acquitted herself with credit to herself and teachers. While attending school at that place she became a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has remained a consistent member of the same ever since. After graduating at Gardiner she returned to North Andover and began teaching, but not feeling much interest in the vocation, she decided to discontinue it, and found more congenial work in a home of her own. She was married in 1858 to Mr. PENDERGAST, and came to Hutchinson, Minnesota,

where they continued to reside until 1861, when Mr. PENDERGAST being appointed Receiver of the Land Office at Henderson, they removed thither. Mrs. PENDERGAST's poetical productions have been quite numerous, and are all happily made to inculcate high moral principles, and are characterized by harmonious measure, felicitous rhyme and purity of thought. She appears to be one of those few literary women who are happy in their domestic relations, and who have not fled to the pen to get away from the pressing consciousness of misery; and yet sorrow, like a crushing avalanche, has visited her household and taken from her fond caress three lovely children—her all—and left her heart-stricken and desolate. She is strongly attached to the home of her adoption, and loves Minnesota for its beautiful scenery, its legendary lore, its delightful climate, its hospitable, generous-minded people.

THE LOST BABE.

She's gone from me, my beautiful—
My babe of starry eyes—forever gone!
Not with the silent Angel, who doth come,
Leaving ajar the pearly gates, that we
(But that our eyes were dim with tears)
Might see the shining way by which
Our loved go home—oh, not with *him*!
And yet, my sisters, ye
Who wake so easily o' nights to feel the
Tender pressure of soft eager lips, and
Little straying hands, by all that
Precious, troubling ye would not miss for worlds,
I've surely lost my babe!

For why? Ah me!

She's learned to walk to-day!

But yesterday the dark eyes sought my
Own, as being, if not *all* of earth for *them*,
At least the *best*; to-day the little
Feet have learned their use, and
Straightway there's no play this side
The door; but they must go beyond

To see the roses blow, (and find them
Thorny, pretty one,) or chase the robin
Thro' the wavy grass ; and presently she'll
Wander farther, (ah, my baby, striving
Even now to creep outside the latticed
Gate,) only for a lily here—a redder
Rose than common there—now down the
Valley for this scented bell—now up
The height for those green laurel leaves ;
And, if I *follow* with my yearning heart,
Ah ! can she clasp my hand, with hers
So full of flowers ?

And Love will call her, from the fair
Blue distance ; and her life will deepen,
Deepen, till, as jewels from the hidden
Heart of Ocean, there shall come from
Its rich depths sweet spirit-gems,
With low babe-laughter, such as mothers love,
And sunny faces, like her own, to-day.

And do I grieve that she
Should win at last this crowning,
Troubled joy of womanhood ?
Ah, no ! But now, to-day, I cannot look
So far ; I only miss my cooing baby,
Gone from me too certainly
For doubting.

NETTIE.

Dear little beautiful, under the buttercups—
Last little flower dropt out of my life—
God is my witness, I smile as I think of you,
Free from earth's weariness, fever, and strife.

Safe from the pleasure that endeth in bitterness,
Safe from the knowledge that leaveth a stain,
Gone, from the love that was vain in its tenderness,
Back to the white-winged evangels again ;

Knowing no dread of the many-hued Mystery
Souls that were bravest have shivered before ;
Feeling no chill of the " River," but only
The brightness and bloom of the heavenly shore.

So, little beautiful, under the buttercups—
Baby we thought to have cherished so well—
Shutting my heart on the pain of its loneliness,
Singing—not sobbing—I bid thee farewell.

FIRST AND LAST.

We think if we might only win
The martyr's fiery crown
That gleam so bright, i' the glory-light
From Calvary streaming down—

Some prescience of the coming good,
Far down the centuries dim ;
Some far, faint snatch of the strain to catch
Of a nation's grateful hymn—

If we might hold our souls alight
Out thro' the Dark of Time,
With some deep thought, in patience wrought,
Through suffering sublime—

We'd be content to stand and burn,
Like some who've " gone before,"
E'er feeling still, thro' our pain's hot thrill,
Cool winds from the " farther shore."

But th' years go by, and still we walk
The dusty, common way ;
And the world goes on, no whit less wrong,
For aught that we do or say ;

Until from very weariness
With gazing up so high,
We turn our eyes to the work that lies
At our cottage door close by.

And toiling so, with earnest heart
That looks no more above,
*We come to know, there's nothing low,
If done i' the name of Love.*

AT THE DOORWAY.

Watching at the doorway,
With her great brown eyes
On a certain pathway,
'Round the hill that lies ;
Feet so neatly gaitered,
Beating on the sill ;
Fingers small but not too shapely
Household work to do at will ;

Brown hair smoothly braided,
Touch'd with golden light ;
Cheeks that show the heart-tide
Thro' the creamy white ;

Heart impatient beating,
 'Neath the folded hands—
So, amid the sunset pictures
 " Wife Katie " watching stands.

Tea you're sure is ready—
 Table laid for two—
Biscuits light and shapely,
 Butter of golden hue ;
Baby in his cradle,
 Cosily asleep,
With the dark eyes of the father
 Hidden 'neath the lashes deep.

Still the shadows darken
 Down the maple lane,
Will the loved step never
 Hasten home again ?
Yes, at last 'tis coming
 Nearer, nearer now,
And the joy of welcome gloweth
 Rosily on cheek and brow.

Down the path she hastens
 And, in spite of rule—
Hush, we shall be telling
 Stories out of school !

But, single gents who see her,
Don't you wish for *you*
Some one stood impatient waiting,
Watching thro' the distance blue?

THE "PROCLAMATION."

Far in the dawn of time (we read)
Rang clear and sudden through the
Cloud and chaos that enwrapt our
World, the lone Creation Word, "Let
There be light!"
To-day—albeit speaking thro' a human mouth—
Down through the passion-cloud that
Men have raised, God the REDEEMER
Says "Let there be Light,"
And there is Light!

Columbia's stately brow,
But yesterday bowed low in shame
And tears, gleams through the mourning
Veil she needs must wear for her dead
Heroes, with the beauty angels wear
When He hath smiled on them.

Unfurling broadly in the sun
Her star-wrought banner, (never more

To flaunt a specious lie before the
Watching world,) she strikes the fetters
From her captive sons, and bids them
Stand erect.

Ho ! brothers with the branded brow ;
—Brothers, I say, not for the Past
Or Present, but as ye shall grow
When free to take your lives and show
What in your special case, God hath
Made possible, do ye not hear
Like Judean shepherds in the days
Of old, the herald-voices chime—
Peace, peace on earth ; good-will to
All its sons ?

Alas ! your ears are dull for all such
Sounds, how shall they *not* be so ?
Yet, patience, for a little ; slow
And sure the links are rusting, soon
They shall fall utterly away.
Seek not to clean them with th' assassin's
Knife—stain not your hands with
Crimson, ere the race is well begun—
Ye hear the clarion tone ; be very sure,
The strong right hand will follow on
To verify its promise.

*Gloria Tibi Domini,
Gloria in excelsis !*

THOMAS M. NEWSON.

CAPT. THOMAS M'LEAN NEWSON was born in the city of New York on the 22nd of February, 1827. His father, Capt. GEORGE NEWSON, was commander of a military company in that city for nineteen years. In the year 1832 he removed to New Haven, Conn., where, in 1838, both he and his wife died. After the death of his parents, Thomas was placed at a boarding school where he spent several years in attaining an education. After leaving school he was placed as an apprentice to the printing business, with Messrs. Woodward and Canington, publishers of the *New Haven Journal*. It was during this period he wrote some of his earlier poems, and contributed many prose articles to the different journals of the State.

In 1847, he started a paper in company with a fellow apprentice, in the village of Birmingham, Conn., where he spent the greater part of his early manhood. Capt. NEWSON originated and published the first *Daily Penny Press* ever published in the State, and conducted it for one year, when his health failing him, it was abandoned. It was about this time that the "Stratford Knockings" began to attract attention. He became interested in the subject and devoted considerable time in the investigation of the spiritual phenomena. Facts elicited by this research were published in his daily paper, files of which are now in his possession, and full accounts given of these mysterious transactions.

He became early a HENRY CLAY Whig, and from his earliest manhood to the present time, has been an uncompromising opponent of slavery. In 1853, he came to Minnesota, where he has since resided. Arriving at St. Paul, he was immediately engaged by Maj. JOSEPH R. BROWN, to act as associate editor of the *Pioneer*. In 1854, in company with the late lamented Col. ALEX. WILKINS, GEORGE FARRINGTON and others, he brought into existence the *St. Paul Daily and Weekly Times*, which he edited with ability for seven years. He was among the earliest friends of the Republican party, and being a delegate to the Pittsburg convention, which or-

ganized the National party, was a prominent member of the same.

He was married in Albany, N. Y., in May, 1857. During the same year came the demand for one Republican paper in St. Paul, instead of two, and the *Times* and *Minnesotian* were united under the firm of NEWSON, MOORE, FOSTER & Co., and were conducted as one until 1859, when they separated, and again became the *Times* and *Minnesotian*.

In January, 1860, Capt. NEWSON surrendered his paper rather reluctantly, and the *Times* material was leased to WM. R. MARSHALL, now Colonel of the 7th Minnesota Vols., and in its place came forth the present *Daily Press*.

In November, 1862, he was commissioned Commissary of Subsistence in the United States Army, with the rank of Captain, and has since been appointed Commissary Inspector for the State.

Capt. NEWSON is a self-made man. Early left an orphan, he has reached his present position by a straight-forward, manly course. As a writer, he is original, argumentative, pointed and logical. As a public speaker, he is clear, concise, earnest. He is a very moral man, and as a citizen, is quiet and unobtrusive, but social and enterprising.

SOFTLY, LIGHTLY, SWEETLY SING!

Like the dewy pearls of morning
On the silv'ry rippling wave—
Like the purple hues adorning
Flowers that deck thy mother's grave—
So within thine eye is beaming
Pensive thoughts of dear ones fled,
And though round thee lights are gleaming,
Thou art musing on the dead.

CHORUS—Softly, lightly, sweetly sing ;
Nellie ! breathe that strain again
Let its rich, melodious ring
Echo back from plain to plain.

“ Oh ! the sunny hours of childhood,”
And bright days of youthful glee ;
Oh ! the well remembered wildwood,
Where we've wandered wild and free ;
Youthful hopes have all been broken,
Hushed the early friends of love ;
But kind memory leaves a token
That we'll meet them all above.

CHORUS—Softly, &c.,

**HARK! WHAT MERRY STRAINS ARE
PEALING.**

Hark! what merry strains are pealing

In the air and o'er the land!

Hark! the echoes softly stealing,

Sweetly float along the strand.

'Tis the sound of millions, sending

Forth their joyous notes of glee,

With the voice of freedom blending—

'Tis a day of jubilee!

CHORUS—Onward! onward! soldiers, onward!

Bear the good old banner high!

Onward! onward! patriots, onward!

Strike for freedom, tho' ye die!

Hark! again those sounds prolonging,

Echo back from Europe's shore;

Yonder view old slavery, thronging

Round the throne he'll see no more;

For the star of Freedom gleaming

Ne'er will set till Freedom's won,

And our gallant flag now streaming,
Waves in triumph bravely on.

CHORUS—Onward, &c.

Hark ! again that music stealing,
Sweetly, wildly murmurs by ;
See the form of woman kneeling ;
Hear the prayer to God on high !
Then bear your banners to the wind ;
Let them float o'er land and sea ;
Let them wave in every clime—
God has said—WE SHALL BE FREE !

CHORUS—Onward ! onward ! Brothers, onward !
Bear the Union Banner high ;
Onward ! onward ! soldiers, onward !
Now's the time to do or die !

TO CARRIE.

Thy gentle image charms me now,
As when at first we met ;
And that sweet face, and that fair brow,
I never shall forget.
Tho' time may roll its boisterous tide
Along life's troubled sea,
Still, through its waste, howe'er so wide,
I'll fondly think of thee.

Though far to other climes I roam,
And leave my native land,
Yet oft I'll think of that sweet home,
And that young, happy band ;
And memory will unchanging twine—
Tho' I am far away—
Around those dear, those sacred things,
That vanish and decay.

But *one* I never *can* forget,
Those eyes that smiled on me,
As when at first we gaily met,
Beneath the old oak tree.

Those days are gone, those sports are o'er,
I leave my native land,
But turn to take a glance once more,
Of that young, happy band.

Then, Carrie, dear, we soon must part,
But do not weep for me;
And do not break this aching heart,
That warmly beats for thee.
For though to other climes I roam,
And leave my native land,
Yet oft I'll think of thee, sweet one,
And that young, happy band.

WHISPER! GENTLY WHISPER, BROTHER!

Whisper, gently whisper, brother,
For our little Mary sleeps,
And around her couch dear mother
Lingers, while in fear she weeps.

* * * * *

'Tis the holy hour of midnight,
And the silvery moonbeams play,
Softly weaving with the starlight,
Brighter hopes for dawning day;

But our little Mary heeds not,
Will she never hear again ?
Mother ! awake her—let her sleep not—
Wake her mother, from her pain !

Even then, while hope was failing,
Struggling still with doubt and fear—
As the lilly cheek seemed paling,
And the death-dawn drawing near—
Wakes a voice of tenderest gladness,
Thrilling on the midnight air,
Wakes to banish fear and sadness :
“ Only sleeps the maiden fair.”

Angels guard her tiny footsteps,
Angels hover by her side ;
Angels whisper through the midnight,
Angels on the ether glide ;
Ever watching o'er the weary,
Ever breathing music clear,
Ever calling back the wayward,
Ever round us,—ever near.

TREAD LIGHTLY!

Tread lightly, tread lightly! Disturb not his sleep,
From his pains he's released, though friends o'er
him weep;
Speak softly, speak softly, for he whom we love
Has gone to the regions of glory above.

Tread lightly, tread lightly! more softly around;
'Tis a friend that now sleepeth, oh, breathe not a
sound;
The low muffled drums and the marshaled array,
In sadness are coming to bear him away.

Oh, brave soldier boy! thy memory shall twine
As close round our hearts as some evergreen vine;
In battle's fierce conflict thou sank to thy rest—
Thou hero! thou patriot! thou son of the blest!

In the glow of the morning, at eve and at night,
We think of the brave ones, of God and the Right,
And pray that the starry old flag of the land
Will shield from all harm our brave little band.*

Then sing the song softly for those who were dear;
In silence and sadness we drop the lone tear;
Let it glisten and glow in the blue vault above,
To tell of our friendships—our undying love.

JANE GAY FULLER.

Miss JANE GAY FULLER is a native of Windham, Scotland, Parish Conn, a region as picturesquely rugged as it is beautiful. Her childhood and youth were passed among her native hills, attending the public and private schools of her parish, with an occasional term at some neighboring seminary. At an early age she developed a taste and talent for writing, the picturesque scenery by which she was surrounded doubtless contributing in a great degree to inspire a love for the beautiful in the works of nature. Her earliest productions appeared in *Graham's* and *Peterson's Magazines*, with the exception of an occasional article in the local papers. A nov-elette, entitled "Anna Temple," from her pen, in 1852, had a wide republication, and her poem called "The Life Book," first published in the *Home Journal*, went the rounds of the press, and was copied by many of the English papers. "The Heart of Seventy-Six," which appeared in the *New York Mirror*, was still more popular, and was illustrated for an annual.

In the spring of 1854 Miss FULLER came to Minnesota, and during the summer of that year penetrated the wilds of the far-famed land of lakes and beauty as far as Fort Ripley and the Chippewa Agency, a reminiscence of which was afterwards published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. Being in delicate health, she continued her travels, and has probably traveled more in the State than any other lady, visiting lakes and waterfalls; and during these excursions she has collected a number of legends, which she has wrought into poems. Many of these are historic, others fabulous. They are considered too lengthy to appear in this work, and it is her intention to dedicate them to the Minnesota Historical Society. Literature and literary effort has only been a pastime for Miss FULLER, as her health, being always delicate, has prevented any continued exertion. At the time the present war broke out she was in Florida, engaged on a work called "The Southern Flora," for the use of schools, but, being obliged to leave her labor, it may never be perfected.

Poetry and prose seem to flow alike with ease and grace from her pen. Her poems are characterized by melodious rhyme and a delicate tenderness of idea and expression, while all her writings are distinguished by a singular naturalness and simplicity, investing the dull and often wearisome commonplaces of life with interest and beauty.

THE HEART OF "SEVENTY-SIX."

When our great mother's hand essayed
To whip and make us yield,
Our stubborn sires quick foot-prints made,
For camp and battle field!
The lawyer quit his client then,
The parson, wig and gown,
And hosts of panting husbandmen
Left ploughshares in the ground!

Banners of snowy mist were hung
Over one Autumn morn,
When a matron and two maidens young,
Went reaping harvest-corn!
The maidens were of gentle blood,
Lofty that matron's brow:
"Thou wear'st no weeds of widowhood—
Where rests thy husband now?"

"Rests!"—and she haughtily began:
"I joy to know that he
Fights foremost in the battle's van,
For Home and Liberty!"

And I have taken in my hand
The sickle in his stead,
For patriot women of the land
Should reap the winter's bread!"

"Thou elder maiden, thy fair brow
Rivals our mountain snows,
And on thy cheek scarce lingers now
The faintest tint of rose!
I met thee, ere the summer-tide,
A dreamer light and gay;
A manly form was at thy side,
Where doth the loiterer stay?"

And proudly then that maid replied:
"My lover is not one
To linger at a lady's side,
While glorious deeds are done!
He stands where battle-thunder jars,
And plumes of warriors wave,
Bearing the 'Eagle and the Stars,'
The ensign of the brave!"

"And thou, my little maiden dear,
Thou hast not strength, I ween,

To bind the heavy bundles here,
Or urge the sickle keen!
Call thy young brother from his play!
Why doth that tear-drop start?"
She said—" *He is a Volunteer,*
And bears a manly heart!

"We taught him lessons of the strife,
And how to use a gun,
And told him that a hero's life
Was best in youth begun!
And then he took the powder-horn,
Which our dead grandsire gave,
Shouldered his gun, and one bright morn
Went forth to join the brave!"

"And are ALL gone—husband and son—
Lover and brother—all?
Ye lofty-hearted, still toil on!
No evil can befall
A country struggling mightily,
To give young freedom birth;
The unborn infant, yet shall be
The Giant of the Earth!"

THE LIFE BOOK.

Write, mother, write !

A new, unspotted book of life before thee ;
 Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages
 The first few characters, to live in glory,
 Or live in shame thro' long unending ages.

Write, mother, write !

Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter,
 The lot is on thee—move thee, then with care,
 A MOTHER'S TRAINING time may never alter ;
 Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.
 Write, mother, write !

Write, father, write !

Take thee a pen plucked from an eagle's pinion,
 And write immortal actions for thy son ;
 Teach him that man forgets man's high dominion,
 Creeping on earth, leaving great deeds undone.

Write, father, write !

Leave on his life-book a fond father's blessing,
 To shield him, 'mid temptation, toil and sin,

And he shall go to glory's field, possessing
Strength to contend, and confidence to win.

Write, father, write !

Write, sister, write !

Nay, shrink not, for a sister's love is holy ;
Write words the angels whisper in thine ears ;
No bud of sweet affection, however lowly,
But planted here, will bloom in after years.

Write, sister, write !

Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing—
For manhood's lot is sterner far than ours,—
He may not pause—he must be up and doing,
While thou sit'st idly, dreaming among flowers.

Write, sister, write !

Write, brother, write !

Strike a bold blow upon those kindred pages,—
Write ; shoulder to shoulder, brother, we will go ;
Heart linked to heart, though wild the conflict wages,
We will defy the battle and the foe.

Write, brother, write !

We, who have trodden boyhood's path together,
Beneath the summer's sun and winter's sky,

What matter if life bring us some foul weather,
 We may be stronger than adversity.
 Write, brother, write !

Fellow immortal, write !
 One God reigns in the heavens—there is no other—
 And all mankind are brethren, thus 'tis spoken,—
 And who so aids a sorrowing, struggling brother,
 By kindly word, or deed, or friendly token,
 Shall win the favor of our Heavenly Father,
 Who judges evil and rewards the good,
 And who hath linked the race of man together,
 In one vast, universal brotherhood !
 Fellow immortal, write !

SAVE OUR COUNTRY.

Save our country ! O, our fathers !

Is our feeble woman-cry ;

See you not the tempest gathers

Black and blacker in the sky ?

See you not the night-clouds hover

O'er our nation's rising sun ?

Save our country ! save our country !

Patriot sons of Washington !

Save our country ! O, our brothers !

Ye are strong of heart and hand ;

Sisters, wives and tender mothers

Call you forth, a hero band.

Say, shall despots point a finger

At our young Republic's grave

While a drop of blood doth linger

In the pulses of our brave ?

O, our fathers ! O, our brothers !

Waive your parties and your creeds ;



Leave contentions unto others,
While a wounded nation bleeds.
Clasp your hands in close communion,
In the fellowship of RIGHT,
Pledged to save our glorious Union,
By your wisdom and your might.

While your brave feet walk with dangers,
Weeping eyes will watch and wake;
Should ye fall afar with strangers,
Loving hearts will ache and break.
But with Freedom's flag outspreading,
Never could ye nobler die,
Than your blood for honor shedding
On the fields of victory.

Go then, fathers! go then, brothers!
Is our agonizing cry;
Gentle sisters, wives and mothers
Urge you forth to "do or die!"
While the gloomy night clouds hover
O'er our nation's rising sun,
Save our country! save the Union!
Patriot sons of Washington!

CAPT. SAMUEL WHITING.

The subject of this sketch, Capt. SAM. WHITING, U. S. N., was born at Hempsted, L. I., in the year 1816. Early developing a taste for a seafaring life, his father consented to his following his inclination, and accordingly at the age of sixteen he obtained a situation in the London and Liverpool Packet Line, and continued his naval occupation for a number of years. Leaving that line, in 1845 he embarked in the China and East India trade, and continued to follow the seas until 1854, when, deciding to leave them, he came directly to Minnesota, stopping at Winona, and soon after established its first paper, which he edited with ability for some months.

In 1855 he embarked as a volunteer officer in the United States Polar expedition sent out in search of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN and Dr. KANE, and upon his return from that most interesting and successful cruise, bringing back the long-lost KANE, and receiving a beautiful medallion from the Queen of England in commemoration of their toil and the fortunate rescue of the gallant "Arctic Expedition," he returned to Winona and remained until 1860,

when he removed to Hempsted, his native town and soon after took command of the U. S. Mail steamship Marion, in the New York and Charleston line. In January, 1861, this vessel was seized in Charleston Harbor because Capt. WHITING refused to hoist the Palmetto flag. After the attack upon Fort Sumpter he took command of the steamship Columbia, and transported the first troops from New York to Annapolis and Washington. He was afterwards appointed United States Consul at Nassau, N. P., Bahamas, which position he resigned in 1863 and returned to Minnesota.

Capt. WHITING has been a world-wide rover, having travelled over all lands and seas, and has finally settled upon a pleasant farm of eighty acres, in Madison County, Ill., where he hopes to spend the remainder of his days in the quietude of home enjoyments and literary pursuits, to which his adventurous life has hitherto prevented his giving that attention which his taste desired.

In private life Capt. WHITING is esteemed for his amiable temperament and many social excellencies. His mind is of a poetical cast and well adapted to the light and fanciful labors of the muse. He has written many articles of merit, and holds a prominent place among the authors of the day. He is a friend and patron of science and art, and possesses a heart peculiarly alive to domestic and social happiness.

STAR OF EVE.

I sat on deck a long time to-night, admiring the exceeding brilliancy of the starry host; and one, the evening star, just rested over Mt. St. Philip's very crest.

Star of eve, so brightly beaming
In the azure vault above,
Tell me if thy rays are gleaming
O'er the path of those I love.

Do they nightly mark thy splendor?
Do they see thy cheering ray,
And in accents mild and tender,
Talk of him that's far away?

Do they, for his safe returning,
At the throne of mercy pray?
Are there fond hearts ever yearning
For the wanderer, far away?

Star of eve, upon the billow
Shed thy mild and glorious ray;
Bless with dreams the Sailor's pillow—
Dreams of dear ones far away.

A MINNESOTA IDYL.

Know ye the land where the grove and the prairie
 In Nature's bright robes are most gaily array'd ?
 Where Seasons are charming, however they vary,
 And springs bubble up 'neath the oak's fragrant
 shade ?

'Tis here where the rivers that flow to the ocean,
 Through fair Minnesota in majesty roll ;
 How oft, on their green banks I've strayed, with
 emotion
 Of high thoughts, and fancies beyond my control.

'Tis but a few seasons, since here, where I'm stand-
 ing,
 The Indian was master and lord of the soil,
 And where, through the summer, throng'd steamers
 are landing,
 The wild deer rewarded the red hunter's toil.

A few moons ago, here the red children paddled
 Across the bright waters their birchen canoe ;
 While on their wild ponies, unbitted, unsaddled,
 The chiefs on the war-path exultantly flew.

They have passed like a dream, and far westward
are rearing,

 Their *tepees* once more on the wide spreading
 plain,

But the steps of the pale face upon them are nearing,
And at his approach they will vanish again.

Their war-songs and love-tales but live in tradition ;

 The march of progression can never be stayed ;

Towns and cities are rising as if some magician,

 With the lamp of ALADDIN, hath hitherward
 strayed.

Far from the Northwest, where Itasca lies sleeping,

 The Father of Rivers, meandering flows—

Now rushing in rapids—now lazily creeping

 To the warm, “sunny South,” from the region of
 snows.

On its banks, cities greet the sun’s first flush of
morning—

 On its myriad towns his declining rays fall,

But none are so fair, or so sweetly adorning,

 As lovely WINONA, the pride of them all.

AUTUMNAL THOUGHTS.

The falling leaves bestrew the vale—

The autumn gales around us sighing—
All speak to us the mournful tale,
Of Nature's glories dying—dying.

Oh Death! thou foe to earthly bliss—

Grim Tyrant!—source of deepest sorrow—
Were there no brighter world than this,
We could, from hope, no solace borrow.

And must Earth's brightest things decay—

The gay, sweet flowers, but bloom to perish?
Must clouds and darkness dim each ray,
Our miser hearts would madly cherish?

Must Friendship's pure and holy ties,

By thy keen dart be harshly riven?
Must hope within our bosoms rise,
Yet from its throne be rudely driven?

And Love—dear Love—must he, too, feel,

And bow before thy ruthless pow'r,
Which dares our purest joys to steal,
And shades with gloom our brightest hour?

And will thy shadows dim the eye
From whose sweet glance 'tis sad to sever?
Will those moist, ruby lips be dry,
And that warm heart be still'd forever?

Yes! low, before thy icy breath,
Earth's beauties round us are decaying,
But in the "Better Land," Oh, Death!
Thy cruel steps may ne'er be straying.

Look! loving souls, to yonder skies,
With that sweet Faith to mortals given,
That there we'll see the radiant eyes
We lov'd on Earth, beam bright in Heaven.

DEATH OF DR. KANE.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's honors blest?"

We little thought eighteen months since, when, after our long and perilous Arctic cruise, we found the missing voyager on the island of Disco, in the Polar Sea, that we should so soon be called to mourn his death. It is a national loss; for to such heroic spirits, a country is indebted for its highest fame; and no one has reaped more enduring laurels for himself and for his country, than the ripe scholar and renowned Explorer who is now no more.

ACROSTIC.

Earth rings with plaudits to thy honor'd name;
Laurels unfading rest upon thy brow;
In thine is witnessed fair Columbia's fame;
So, to rare worth, do world's high magnates bow.
Honor and glory are thy fitting meeds,
And crown with luster thy heroic deeds.

Kings, Lords and Nobles,—titles void as air—
Earth's transient glories last but for a day;
None seek with them a moment to compare
The **HEROES** names, which n'er shall pass away.

KANE! thy proud name, immortal e'er shalt be—
Around thy deeds is cast a halo bright;
Nor shall thy sufferings in the **POLAR SEA**,
E'er pass from **ENGLAND** and **COLUMBIA'S** sight.

CHARLES S. BRYANT.

CHARLES S. BRYANT, Esq., was born August 19th, 1808, in the town of Lyons, Ontario County, N. Y. His father, JAMES BRYANT, was a resident of New Jersey until his marriage with a Miss Stout, a descendant of Penelope Stout, (the woman known in the history of New Jersey as having been scalped by the Indians,) when he removed to Lyons and remained until 1822, at which time he came West and settled in Ohio with his family. After a residence of two years in Ohio, he removed to Indiana, and it was there Mr. BRYANT prosecuted his studies under the care of an elder brother, studying Latin and Greek, and becoming proficient in both languages. At the age of nineteen, he removed to Lebanon, Ohio, and entered as a student at law in the office of the Dunlevys, of that place, finally perfecting his

studies at Dayton. He was admitted to the bar in 1838, and opened a law office in Dayton and became a successful practitioner. He married, in 1840, Miss CATHERINE BREMER of Cincinnati, to which place he removed the same year. Here he became deeply interested in the common school enterprise, and labored assiduously to promote the cause, and finally enjoyed the high satisfaction of seeing the system on a footing equal to any in America. In fact, the cause of the American system of graded free schools, and its symmetrical beauty and efficiency, owes more to the genius and persevering labors of Mr. BRYANT than any other man. His soul was in the work, and he labored so to present the claims of the system, as to commend it to the approbation of all. The influence of such men as Mr. BRYANT, in the cause of education, is not confined to one State or section; if example is good it is readily imitated, and soon its influence is felt in all directions. But our space will not allow us to more than allude to these matters, merely showing Mr. BRYANT's zeal in the cause of public instruction. He still pursued his profession during his labors in the school system, becoming very successful at the bar.

In 1856, he made his first visit to Minnesota, and in the fall of 1859 he removed with his family to Wabasha, where he spent the winter, and in the

spring of 1860 removed to St. Peter, where he now resides.

Mr. BRYANT has written a great amount of literary matter, some of which has been published, more remains unpublished. In January, 1864, he published his popular work known as the "Sioux Massacre." He does not wish to have it understood that he writes poetry, but occasionally writes in verse for simple pastime, yet seldom publishes anything so written. As a lawyer, Mr. BRYANT has been very successful. He is of cheerful temperament, looking always upon the bright side of human life, and believes in the French maxim, that "man is no older than he seems."

LAKES OF MINNESOTA.

How lovely falls the summer day,
 O'er Minnesota's silv'ry lakes,
When, like a queen, in bright array
 And regal pomp the moon awakes.
Here golden twilight lingers long,
 'Mid gorgeous flames of Northern light,
And fades not with the night-bird's song,
 When stars beam on the brow of night.

Lake of the bright "Elysian Fields,"
 Set midway in the "Flowery land,"
Earth, air and sky their tribute yield,
 To beautify thy lovely strand.
What clustering glories round thee throng,
 That point to realms beyond the tomb,
'Till o'er the soul come visions strong
 Of climes where flow'rs immortal bloom.

Pride of the loved "Prairie Isles,"
 Of fragrant flowers and fadeless pines!
Where nature, robed in beauty, smiles,
 And odors soft float on the winds.

Bright way-marks on the tide of man,
Most worthy theme of song and lyre,
Thy heavens what radiant glories span,
Now glowing with electric fire !

Bright, Lake, where silent waters sleep,
What magic formed thy wave-worn strand,
What power scooped out thy pearly deep
And round thee spread this fairy land ?
How long thy skies have mirrored true
The nameless beauties on thy shore,
Of forests, gems, and flowers that grew
In ages that return no more.

And, Pepin's Lake, where sleep the brave,
Fairest of Dakota's race,
Winona's tomb thy waters lave,
Where virtue triumphed o'er disgrace.
For, him who first should foemen slay
Had promise of Winona's hand,
But fortune did not smile that day
On one, the noblest of the band.

A noble youth, her father's brave,
Had won the lovely maiden's hand
When but a child. From Pepin's wave,
He drew her lifeless on the strand.

As came again life's gushing tide,
 Winona vowed to that young brave,
 With woman's love to be his bride,
 Or seek thy waters as her grave.

High on thy towering rock she sings
 The requiem chanted for the brave;
 Then from the fearful height she springs
 To Pepin's deep, Winona's grave!
 At summer's eve, when passing there,
 Dakota's soul with grief is wild;
 Winona's dirge floats on the air
 Where sleeps Dakota's loveliest child!
 * * * * *

Bright waters of the "Bark-Canoe,"
 Reveal the races of this land,
 Who else than thee no mirror knew,
 To deck their beauties on thy strand.
 Tell us thy tales of tragic lore—
 Thy dusky legends all renew—
 And teach the pale-face who of yore
 Were heroes of the "Bark-Canoe."

Sweet waters of the "Woody Marge,"
 Made hallowed by the sweet, wild song,

The pensive dirge the soft wind's charge,
By them like odors borne along.
Then Dian's temple lovelier far,
When dreamy moon-light softly falls;
Sweeter than fancies' visions are,
When elfin forms flit thro' her halls.

Lake of the spotless, "Snowy Swan,"
Fair emblem of the pure in heaven,
Here may earth's children wander on,
To list the songs of sins forgiven;
Where, like thy waters, souls may meet,
Attuned to harmony and love,
And spirit anthems, soft and sweet,
In realms of bliss and light above,

To image back the starry world,
These lakes as mirrors long have stood,
While circling ages have unfurled
God's works, all beautiful and good;
Now sparkling as earth's coronet,
With silv'ry sheen and loveliest flowers,
Inwrought with lakes as jewels set,
In this glorious land of ours!
13*

We care not here their names to tell—
Names sacred in Dakota's tongue—
On which their legends fondly dwell,
Where braves their songs of prowess sung.
We come to offer to their worth
The grateful tribute of the soul,
And bow before their shrine on earth,
Where votive song disdains control.

But hark! far o'er these lakes and plains,
Where sports the fowl as nature taught her,
The air is joyous with the strains,
Of *Minne-ha-ha*—Laughing Water!
Near Minnetonka and Calhoun,
“Lake of the Isles” and “Harriet,”
Where mingling waters woo the moon,
Leaps *Minne-ha-ha*, laughing yet!

MISSISSIPPI BOAT SONG.

[On a tour up the Mississippi, in 1857, on board a steamboat, the passengers held a meeting, and through a committee selected by the meeting, appointed Mr. BRYANT to write a song which should be sung the same evening. Mr. BRYANT, willing to contribute to the entertainment of the passengers among whom he had been thrown on his journey to Minnesota, retired to his state room, and in a very few minutes furnished the committee the following, which was sung to those assembled on the hurricane deck of the steamer, to the tune of "Uncle Sam's Farm." This song was never published by Mr. BRYANT, and now appears for the first time in print.]

The Ganges sweeps through Hindu lands,
The Nile through Egypt runs,
The Niger seeks the golden sands,
Beneath a burning sun ;
The Amazon from mountain line,
Pours volumes in the sea,
And Europe boasts a vine-clad Rhine,
But none compare with thee.
From ages past, as now, thy sweep,
From northern climes has come,
Wide-swelling, gliding to the deep,
Thy genial ocean home !
Oh, river ! broad river,
We come to thee with song,
Our boat divides thy foaming crest,
We stem thy current strong

The Crusades to the Holy Land,
A mighty torrent poured,
To rescue from Saladin's hand
The Sepulchre of our Lord;
But never since the world began,
Was God or Mammon known
To raise so high the tide of man
Now on thy bosom thrown.
Thou restless, ceaseless-flowing tide!
Still bear thine armies on,
Father of Waters, in thy pride,
Far towards the setting sun!
Oh, river! broad river,
We come to thee with song,
Our boat divides thy foaming crest,
We stem thy current strong!
Oh, whither bound this restless throng
O'er Western valleys wide,
Whose hum of life and joyous song
Swell as an ocean's tide?
As southward sweeps thy ceaseless flow,
So westward swells the sea,
Till circling round, our globe shall know,
The freedom of the free!

Till spreading o'er the Eastern plain,
Where curse of Babel fell,
United tongues of earth again
Shall in one chorus swell !
Oh river ! broad river,
We come to thee with song,
Our boat divides thy foaming crest,
We stem thy current strong !

Eastern nations swell the tide
From our New England hills ;
Ancestral halls, ancestral pride,
Each beating bosom thrills.
We go to plant our common schools,
On swelling prairies broad,
And substitute for savage rule
The worship of our God.
Thou pride of earth, majestic, free !
No greater man can know,
Pour out thy waters on the sea,
In FREEDOM ever flow !
Oh river ! broad river,
We come to thee with song,
Our boat divides thy foaming crest,
We stem thy current strong !

TRUE LOVE IS LAW.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A SENTIMENT EXPRESSING FREE-LOVE.

Souls there are who union crave,
 True as the magnet to the steel—
 Whose hopes, undying, leap the grave,
 Nor viler passions ever feel.
 These seek the freedom of the skies,
 Where adverse bonds no longer draw,
 Till in seraphic union rise
 Where love alone is lover's law.

Earth's bondage is by law impressed
 On those who serve at Mammon's shrine,
 Or yield to Fashion's high behest,
 And scorn the purer flame divine.
 To freedom mutual souls aspire—
 A freedom that survived the fall,
 More sacred than Promethean fire—
 Where love is sinless, love is all.

This love shall triumphs ever win,
 Whose unions are forever pure ;

Souls in its reign can never sin,
Nor Eden's curse its sway endure.
All nature is the child of love ;
Spirits and worlds obey its call ;
To angel, spirit, God above,
Love is law, for LOVE IS ALL.

Come, worship at the shrine of love,
Whose joys are sinless, ever true,
Till union shall arise above,
In joys perennial, ever new.
Here souls mismated seek the prize,
Where adverse bonds no longer draw,
Till in seraphic union rise
WHERE LOVE ALONE IS LOVER'S LAW.



MRS. E. N. HARRIS.

The subject of this sketch, Mrs. E. N. HARRIS, is a native of Canada East, born and reared among the rugged hills of Megantic County. She is of Scotch parentage, and living where schools were not common, she received her instruction from her mother, with the exception of one year, spent at Quebec, to finish up the higher branches of an English education. She began early to frame compositions, and rhyme seemed her especial delight.

In 1848 she was married to Mr. THOMAS HARRIS, and removed to Wisconsin, where she was subjected to all the trials and privations of pioneer life, far from the friends of home and kindred, with only the more to remind her of those she loved so well. They remained in Wisconsin until 1858, when they came to Minnesota, and settled in Chat-

field, Fillmore County, where they continued to reside until the breaking out of the rebellion, when Mr. HARRIS was one of the first to respond to the call of his adopted country, and although his wife's heart was still crushed and bleeding from the recent loss of her only son, a beautiful boy of four years, she would not say "nay," but bade him go. He left her to struggle alone with her grief, she feeling that her country and its honor should be more to her than husband, and that, if called upon, she would sacrifice even him for the land they both loved. Her's has seemed the poet's lot thus far, full of its discouragements and trials, with none of its glory save its own "great reward." She has written and published many articles of superior merit, most of which, however, are too lengthy for this work. She is a regular contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, and several newspapers.

Her poems, while they aim at no highly-elevated character, are not wanting in grace and beauty, and at times present passages truly spirited and stirring. We regret that her best articles are too lengthy for this work, and that those we are enabled to present possess so much similarity of subject and character. Her prose writings embrace a variety of subjects, and are marked by pleasant thought and true feeling.

BE MERCIFUL.

Be merciful, the stars are dim;
Ah me ! ah me ! I cannot pray,
While day and night I think of *him* ;
Be merciful, is all I say.

Oh, dearest life ! oh, truest heart !
More than my soul itself, to me,
I cannot pray so far apart,
But, looking up, I think of *thee*.

The land thy life is given to save,
I cannot stoop to praise or blame ;
I could not ask the boon I crave,
I cannot speak—to speak—her shame.

But He who hears the raven's call,
Knows all my lips refuse to say ;
And He that sees the sparrow's fall
Will shield him, tho' I cannot pray.

BELOVED.

I send my heart to thine
With messages of love,
As they of old were wont
To send a carrier dove.
I bid it whisper low
Unto thy beating heart,
That I am only thine—
Not even death can part.

What tho' between us now
Dark billows wildly sweep,
Yet o'er thee, soft and low,
Steal whispers in thy sleep;
Like the mild breath of spring
They mingle with thy life,
Until thy heart beats high
With overwhelming strife.

Alas, thou may'st not press
Me to thy heart—ah—no!
In different paths on earth,
Fate onward bids us go—

DEATH, what art thou to hearts
That throb and beat as one?
A home of joy and rest—
A crown of victory won.

Then at the sunset hour,
Still send thy heart to mine
With messages of love,
For I am ever thine.
Yes, thou art with me now—
Soft whispers low and deep,
And fervent as thy love,
Across my heart-strings sweep.

OUR LILY.

Lay our Lily very gently in her quiet rest ;
Bear her tenderly and softly from her mother's breast;
Lay her where the sun is shining, where the roses
grow—
Lay her where the vines are twining, and the wild
flow'rs blow.

Roll her form in spotless whiteness, beautifully fair ;
Bring no blossoms in their brightness, but a rose-bud
rare—

Clasp it in her icy fingers, it will surely bloom ;
Think a rose in beauty lingers, even in her tomb !

Lovingly, and yet so sadly, pillow now her head ;
Quietly and very softly cover up her bed ;
Plant upon it flow'rs the rarest, that ye love the best ;
Yet OUR LILY was the fairest—Lily gone to rest.

Bring a block of purest marble, without date or
name ;
Unto us and each bright angel it is just the same ;
Chisel on the stone a lily broken from the stem—
Such hath been thy lot, MY LILY—Lily, precious
gem.

DREAMING.

Mother dear, I have been dreaming
Of the olden home and thee,
There thine eyes were always beaming
On thy children in their glee.
All was joyous in my dreaming,
Time had made no changes there,
And the children's merry greeting
Rang like music on the air.

In the corner stood the cradle,
And our gransire's, hoary head
Bowed with ours around the table,
When the evening meal was spread.
While the voice of glad thanksgiving,
Rose as from an altar shrine,
Little hands around *thee*, clasping,
Childish eyes upturned to thine.

And our father—tender father,
He was sitting by your side—
Not as you now see him, mother—
But as when in manhood's pride.
Oh! it was a joyous meeting,
After years of toil and pain,
When my heart with youth was beating
In the olden home again.

OUR BABY.

A pretty baby, with rosy lips,
Sweet from its toes to its finger tips ;
With a little nose, and sparkling eyes,
That whisper to me of summer skies ;
A breath so sweet, spring's fragrant flowers
Might ask perfume from this babe of ours.

Our pretty lambkin to have and hold,
With tenderest care within the fold ;
Our little treasure to keep and love,
Our darling snow-drop, our gentle dove ;
Our priceless gem, and our purest pearl,
Is this nameless pet, our little girl.

I've asked the stars, " will ye tell me how
The lines are marked on our baby' brow ?"
And they twinkle on—how shall I know
How her fate is written—joy or woe ?
I only know that our babe is fair,
And I leave her in our Father's care.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

POET, TRY!

Oh, to be a poet!
Writing at his will,
Could one only know it
And be poet still!
'Twould be very pleasant,
Very, I declare,
Just to bring my spirit-
Easel anywhere,
And to fill it brightly,
Just when I should choose,
Of the visions sprightly
I so often lose:
Day's last clouds that glisten
In an evening sky,
While the hills all listen
To its dying sigh—
Bluish waters calling
All the forest through,
To the red leaves falling

And the falling dew—
Airy, gorgeous castles,
Rainbow-arched, where
I could send my spirit
Just to get the air !
And to try its pinions,
Upward as it flies,
For a higher mansion—
Mansion in the skies.
Now, were I a poet,
All the world would be
Brighter—yes—I know it—
Better unto me—
And the mourning raiment
Which we wear through time
Would be far less gloomy,
Fringed with a rhyme.
So my sad soul lingers
Daring to aspire
But to warm its fingers
At a poet's fire.

THEY COME AT LAST.

They come at last !
Like the low gushing of the summers stream,
Those visions of the past
That haunt me in my lonely hours—a fairy's dream.

Their blissfulness has come
With sound as sweet as angel's melody,
Or the faint breathing hum
Of evening leaves in the wild-wood tree.

My spirit's natal hour
Caught all a hue from such a scene as this—
And memory's power
Would rest its wing forever on this mount of bliss.

And in thy charmed ear
Comes voices soft as those of balmy spring !
Hopes rich and dear
As those to which a maiden's wishes cling.

Hope's heritage is mine
And pure ones mingle in the ceaseless song,
As, bending o'er the shrine,
They swell the echoes of the bright-winged throng.

And 'round me is the spell
That shadows forth the fate of coming years,

As sibyls tell
Fate's, scaled book—alike its smiles and tears.

And I have bowed
Before that image, not with cringing knee—
As do the crowd ;
But high and holy were my thoughts of thee.

They come at last,
Like the low gushing of the summer stream,
Those visions of the past,
That haunt me in my lonely hours—a fairy's dream.
H—.

THE GRAVE YARD.

Step lightly ! for beneath thy feet,
In death's repose, so calm and sweet,
Sleeps one who once was gay as thou,
Whose step, once light as thine is now
Oft wandered to this holy ground ;
When lingering near some turf-grown mound,
She gazed as thou—without a sigh—
And dreamed like thou, she COULD NOT DIE !

O ! crush not carelessly yon flower—
Its fragrance steals with magic power
O'er some torn heart, whose gentle care

The sweet love-token planted there,
To blossom in this quiet vale,
Fanned by the zephyr's softest gale—
In chastest beauty there to bloom,
Upon some precious loved one's tomb.

Breathe softly—lest some grating sound,
Mingling with stillness so profound,
Should startle from their quiet rest,
The songsters that have built their nest
High in the weeping willow tree,
As if they, too, far off would flee
From sorrow's withering blight, like those
Who find, beneath its boughs, repose.

Speak gently—let no careless word
Amid the holy calm be heard ;
Let no rude tone disturb the breeze,
That, murmuring gently through the trees,
Seems ever chanting o'er the dead,
A requiem for the "spirit fled,"—
That seems with every breathing sigh
To whisper, "Here earth's loved ones lie."

II—.

BENEVOLENCE.

There is a time when friend meets friend,
 And heart responds to heart,
 When hand to hand is warmly pressed,
 And eyes perform their part.
 'Tis when with honest fervor warmed,
 Our cherished vows are plighted ;
 When friend meets friend with open face,
 Each little wrong is righted.

There is an hour when widow's souls
 With joy are teeming o'er,
 When gratitude lifts up their brows,
 And life seems bright once more.
 There is an hour the orphan finds
 His heart with bliss elate—
 'Tis when a home is freely given
 To cheer his lonely state.

These hours are seen by those whose hearts
 And very souls are bound
 In that bright gift—Benevolence—
 That scatters sweets around.
 O may the Power enthroned above
 E'er bless the sacred band
 Whose gifts of love and friendly deeds
 Are FELT throughout the land.

THOUGHTS ON A SICK BED.

"There's a pang in the heart of rejoicing,
There's a joy in the heart of pain."

I mourn for the years that are flying,
Never again to come back ;
I mourn for the joys that are lying,
Like yesterday's bloom, in their track ;
For the trusted, the tried, the FALSE-HEARTED,
(Dark figures on life's passion page,)
For the faith from our souls that hath parted,
The yearnings earth cannot assuage.

In the wonderful lights that have faded,
As on thro' the desert I've ranged,
The gathering clouds that have shaded
The sky since the morning so changed ;
For the cold valley mists that are creeping,
To bind in their chilling embrace,
When my tired hands fold them for sleeping
And my tired feet finish their race.

I rejoice for the days that are bringing
The time when all sorrow shall cease,
For the tempest that aids us in winging
Our flight to the haven of peace.
Though the stars that we worship *too early*
From *this* sphere may darken or die,
We shall find them more beautiful, surely,
Reset in the heavenly sky.

A VALENTINE.

Hast thou read how legends golden
Of a little maiden tell,
Whom a dame, deformed and olden,
Met beside a well?

Little maiden, never dreaming,
As she won that aged heart,
That, beneath an ancient seeming
Lurked a fairy's potent art.

For when lovers, tender-hearted,
Thronged around the gentle girl,
Every artless word departed
From her rosy lip a pearl!

Once I dreamed this tale a fiction—
But a feeling, strange and new,
Late has brought the sweet conviction
That the story must be true.

Can it be thou hast been straying,
With that sad and thoughtful mien,
Where some magic fount is playing,
And hast met the fairy queen?

Richer than the little maiden,
Thou, with deeper spell art fraught,
For thy lip is ever laden
With the precious pearls of thought.

H—.

A TRIBUTE.

They tell me thou art dead !
That the fierce blast of thy first battle bowed thy
head.

Oh ! is this true ?
Was the parting by the moonlight years ago our
last adieu ?

And is the thought
Which comes to me so often now of thee, from
Heaven brought—

And is the love
Which blessed our days of youth to be renewed
above ?

It seemeth strange,
But a peaceful joy surrounds me—when I think of
thy great change—

Unmixed with sadness,
For will the hours of thine eternity not beam with
purest gladness ?

Wilt thou not come
In angel purity, to guide and cheer me with the
light of thy blest home ?

Ah ! who can tell—
Who solve the mysteries that around our past, our
present, and
Our future dwell.

IRENE GALLOWAY.

THE WEARY WAY.

O, the weary, weary way
 Through pain, and death, and sadness,
 Neglect, and fear, and doubt, torturing almost to
 madness
 Our souls each day.

O, the weary, weary way
 Of parting and hopeless waiting, and the battle field
 at last
 That stills so many noble hearts and leaveth on the
 crimson grass
 Forms that made some homes so gay.

Death is not the darkest way
 That weary mortals traverse ! there are restless, eager
 longings given,
 Insatiable allurements on the road to Heaven.
 Alas ! some go astray.

Oh ! who does not weep ?
 Who has not grief enough at their heart's door
 To make existence hateful, and deaden hope for-
 evermore,
 And make them long to sleep ?

Yes, that blessed sleep
 That cometh at the journey's end, when the prodigal,
 returning,

And the heroes of the battle, cheer the widowed
 hearts now mourning ;
Then, none shall weep.

IRENE GALLOWAY.

MEMORY'S JOYS.

My weary spirit longs for song;
 Upon a magic lyre ;
I would some fairy hand could touch
 Gems of poetic fire,
That I might sit entranced, and hear
 The songs of other days,
While 'round my heart sweet memories play
 In rainbow-tinted rays.

Sweet memory ! ah ! around me now
 The spell you've strangely thrown ;
I revel in the joys you bring,
 And make them all my own ;
The friends in other years I've known—
 The friends of youth—are here ;
And other friendships later formed,
 Sweet memory brings to cheer.

Ah, would our lives be blest as now,
 If o'er the beauteous past
Impenetrable darkness drear

Should be forever cast,
And in the fabled "Lethe" thrown,—
As each day brings its close,—
Be all kind acts and cherished words,
As well as all our woes?
No; let the bitter and the sweet
Be mingled, for the pain
Is softened by the pleasures dear
We may live o'er again.

MARY R. LYON.

THE SPIRIT-GREETING.

Oh loved was the path to the trysting place—
The path we trod of yore—
But lovelier far is the upward path,
That leads to the "Shining Shore."
And bright were the garlands we wove in youth,
They faded—those flowers we wore—
But *fadeless* will be the brighter crowns
We'll wear on the "Shining Shore."
Sweet, too, was the trill of the meadow lark
That flitted cross the walks we trod,
But sweeter by far are the angel songs
That echo the praise of God.
I'll meet you there, though ye tarry long—
On that "shore" I'll fondly wait—

Together, as oft on earth we've walked,
We'll enter the "Golden Gate."

MARY R. LYON.

LINES WRITTEN IN CONVALESCENCE.

I've stood on the brink of the river,
I've been where Death's waters roll,
And nought but the "Glorious Giver
Of Life," could its waves control.
I've laved in its deep, dark waters,
I've gazed on its pebbly shore,
And memory's voice grew fainter
Till lost in the constant roar.
But my guide said softly, "Daughter,
I have work for you to do
Ere you go across this water
To a land more bright and true."
So I bowed my head in weakness
And memory's voice again
Came singing to me sweetly,
Her now-remembered strain,
While eyes around me brightened
That had with tears grown dim,
And they gladly bid me welcome,
As they gave the praise to Him.

MARY R. LYON.

AN ALLEGORY.

"Oh ! must it be ?" The maiden's tears
 Fell sadly as she spoke,
 "'Tis like a dream, from whose sweet charm
 I have but just awoke."

The tears flowed fast adown her cheek,
 A blighted hope she wept,
 And when the night merged into day,
 The tearful watch still kept.

An angel whispered, "Dry your tears,
 And to your garden hie,
 And look upon the fallen leaves
 That on the ground there lie."

The shower had passed, the bright sun shone
 Upon each beauteous flower,
 But on the ground the leaves lay thick
 The brightest of the bower.

The maiden stopped, and sadly said
 "Why came this cruel rain,
 Scattering beauties from each plant,
 That nought can bring again ?"

Then spake a beautiful young rose tree,
 " My lovely fair, you pine
For that—which understanding not—
 You cannot well resign.

Upon my branches, summer long,
 One bud I cherished there,
It was the only one I had,
 I watched its beauty rare.

It bloomed, and but a single day
 It lingered on my stem,
The wind came rustling through its leaves
 And rudely scattered them.

But well I knew that for that one,
 Would many more be given,
When the parched earth around my root
 Drank in the rain from Heaven."

The angel whispered, " Heed it well,
 This lesson to you taught,
For tears are Heaven's healing showers,
 Then prize them as you ought."

The maiden dried her tearful eyes
 And coned the lesson o'er,
And thought—how strange this simple fact,
 I had not felt before.

The heart is like this blooming plant,
 And tears to us are sent
 To water each young tender shoot,
 And give it nourishment.

And though adversity's rude winds
 Scatter one hope that's fair,
 Upon the self-same stalk we find
 Soon twenty blooming there.

MARY R. LYON.

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